

consolation

THE

H. Boethius (A. M. T. S.)

CONSOLATION

OF

Philosophy.



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*The Preface and Occasion of this Melan-
cholick Divertisement.*



Although many may and needs must remember the Sadness of the late Times, which called the greatest *Knaves* on earth *Honest men*, and the justest *Loyalty* on earth *Treason*, and which rewarded and punished both Titles as preposterously as they named them, forgetting the holy Prophet's woes against such Hypocritical Misnomers: yet 'tis as much to be remembred that all have not the like causes of memory; some Families being but so wounded as easily curable; others died in the place; to others — *Hæret lateri letalis arundo*. Among these last *Tho. Coningsby* of *North-Mimms* in the County of *Hartford*, of a most ancient Family, and as plentiful Fortune, having been high-Sheriff of that County in the year 1638, was, (upon the Confidence of Loyalty the late Blessed *King* had found and try'd in him) by a Commission sent from *Redding*, again made his *Majestie's* high-Sheriff in the year 1642. and together with his Commission received this gracious Letter following under that *King's* own hand of Blessed Memory.

The Preface.

CHARLES R.

TRustly and well-beloved, We greet you well,
and do hereby give you Our assurance,
that although We have at this present made
choice of you to be Our high-Sheriff of Our
County of Hartford, We have done it out of
no other respect then as a mark and testimony
of Our Favour, and Confidence of the ut-
most of your Service in these Times, where-
in We intend to imploy Persons of greatest
Integrity and known Affections to Us, and the
good of Our Kingdom; of which you have
formerly given sufficient testimony. And
although it may bring upon you great Expence
and Trouble; yet We are confident you will
not value it, in regard of Our Service, and the
good of that Our County, which shall not be
forgotten by Us on all occasions. So We bid
you heartily farewell.

From our Court at Redding
this 11^h of Novemb. 1642.

Soon after he received also a Writ and Pro-
clamation, sent from Oxford, which declared the
late Earl of Essex and his Adherents Traitors,
and authorised him to array the County for the
King's Service. The like Command other She-

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riffs received : and the Sheriff of *Essex* that then was did thereupon address himself to the Parliament, as if he would begleave of them to execute the Writ against them, and intreat their favour to declare them to be (what they were) Traitors. For which treacherous Flattery he had their Fatherhoods thanks, was caressed, made their Treasurer, grew rich, and to compleat his reward is now Sir Baronet. But Mr. *Coningsby*, of another temper, according to his trust and place, executes his Writ at *S. Albans*, and was there with the peril of his life (happy if he had then perished) taken Prisoner by *Cromwell*, (who had the thanks of the House too for his exploit) is carried to *London*, committed to *London-house*, where he continued Prisoner till the year 1643. and was then adjudged (by a then Committee-man, now a real Judge) to be within their Ordinance for Sequestration, though made after his fact, by virtue of those words (*Whoever have or shall :*) as if he could have divined that any such transcendent Impudence would appear in the world, as would confirm Wickedness, and punish Duty by a Law. And yet if he could, he could not have failed in his Duty ; for he knew not fear. This was quickly smelt out by that famous Vulture Sir *Will. Brereton*, who alledged it against him, and that he had sent one of his Sons into the *King's Army* (true, but not proved :) and thereupon got the Sequestration and Plunder of his Estate ; robbing

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him at once of more then two thousand pounds. They seised also on his Real Estate, which then was not less then fifteen hundred pounds *per annum*.

After this he is removed from *London-house* to the *Tower*, where with much barbarous usage he was held seven years more, under several Gaolers; when at last broken and languishing in Body through Restraint, and Sicknes contracted by it, his Son, by a pious deceit of bribing under-hand, and being bound for him, (who would never have consented to his own Safety on those terms, for his Generous Soul scorned to petition Rebels) gained him into the Country, where he found as great objects for his Grief as he did in thralldom it self. For then he saw how during the time of his Imprisonment they had, besides his Goods and Rents, wasted and destroyed his Woods and Houses, to the value of more then three thousand pounds; and that in this seeming Liberty he did but behold his own and his Familie's Ruine at a nearer view, the Sequestrators and their Harpies continuing before his face to prey upon him and their own Masters too, the lesser Vermin preying on and cheating the greater, converting (as was afterwards made appear against them before the *King's* Commissioners sitting at the *Savoy*) more then two thousand pounds out of his Estate, from the general Sink to their own particulars, as he in the Satyrift,

—dam—

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——— *damnatus inani*
Judicio (quid enim salvis infamia nummis?)
Exul ab octavo Marius bibit, & fruitur Diis
Iratis, at tu———

In this just disdain he offers to contest his Right against them at Law : But they, as if this had been the higher Crime, got an Order to imprison him again, and breaking open his Daughter's house, in the greatest inhumanity imaginable seized on him, being very sick and weak, inforce him to ride to *London* in great torment; and have him committed Prisoner to the Serjeant's man; where growing weaker then ever, and more discomposed, he is again by the same religious craft gained into the Country by his Son with a nominal Liberty; where soon after he was, in the year 1654, (after twelve years worrying) finally released by Death.

He was the Son of Sir *Ralph Coningsby*, who had for the more immediate Stemme of his House Sir *Humphry*, a Wise and Learned Judge in the Reign of King *Henry* the Seventh, but as to his remoter Root, was lineally descended from a long and Noble Race of Ancestors that were Barons of this Kingdom both before and after the Conquest. He was of a middle Stature, his Hair black; his Complexion ruddy, his Eyes black, full, and exceedingly piercing; in all so Comely, that those who knew his youth would say, as the Prince of Poets does of his *Deiopia*, that he was *præstanti Corpore*: but for his Spirit; so great and undaun-

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ted, that it was not at all to be bowed by Terrors or Miseries, disdaining in the whole story of his Life to submit his native and gallant Freedom to the frowns of any that were but his Fellow-subjects, though in greater authority, as was often proved. Once in a long Suit he had about a right of his Predecessors in *Enfield Chace*, with no worse man then King *James*, the Judge then sitting required him to produce his Evidences in Court. He said he would produce so much as concerned the matter in hand. The Judge said he would make him produce the whole, and that he would, if he could, pick a hole in them. To which he replied, That it were better the Skin were pluck'd over his ears, then that he should sit on that Bench to that purpose. The *King* being told it, and that it was taken as an Affront and Contempt of his Authority, swore by his Soul, (his usual Oath) that *Coningsby* said right, and that he should have right.

He was of a nature so severely and superlatively just, that he would wrong no man; and, though it were to his prejudice, did not seldom protect others from wrong: and when he observed any man of Power doe wrong, he used to say, That man has kindled a Fire will burn his own House. Out of this apprehension, when he was leaving the world, though he pardoned all personal Injuries, yet he did prophetically bequeath the *old Cause* and its Favourers to that Destiny some of them came to, *the Gallows*, saying, as a well-built
Christi-

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Christian might, That it was impossible that the righteous God should permit them to go unpunished alwaies. But

Cur bonis viris mala fiant

is yet a riddle. He was a person of admirable Parts; but such are too commonly the more unfortunate; and among his Misfortunes it was not the least, that he had such Parts, and wanted a Profession to stir them, and keep his large Soul from rust and Idleness. His last and great Character, which speaks him born for this trying Age, was, that he lived and died *Honest*, preferring his Conscience and Loyalty to his Life, Liberty and Estate; chusing rather to leave his Family which was numerous, but dear to him, (for a better Father never lived) poor and distress'd, then render'd infamous and stained by any unworthy act of his.

His Misfortunes ended not with his Life; for after his Death his Estate was adjudged by the Rebels to be sold, (by the name of *Tho. Coningsby* deceased) and his Son could not enjoy it but by purchase: by which means, together with his Piety in supplying and preserving his Father, and his own constant Sufferings, he contracted such heavy Debts, that he was enforced to sell above one thousand pounds a year, with his best House, (built by his great Grandfather, Sir *Henry Coningsby*, upon the most noble part of his Inheritance) worth more then ten thousand pounds, not considerable in purchase. Sure no man can think he could doe
thst

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this without the greatest reluctancy and regret in the world, being the sad Presage of the utter extinction and fall of that Family, and the just cause of sorrow to succeeding generations, which more concerns him than his own Calamity: for as to himself, he yet inherits his Father's Mind, though not his Possessions. *Fatum sub pedibus dedit superbum.* In the midst of the Calamitous Times, (not forgetting his addresses to him who only can help) to alleviate his troubled Mind, he made English *Lipsius* his *Constantia*; so deceiving tedious hours, til it pleased Heaven to restore the *King*. Many then expected a Law *de Repetundis*, at least against such as were able and fatter Villains: but instead of this other things were done, in favour of some indeed, but to the prejudice (which was the foulest Partiality) of others, (as was made too apparent before the Commissioners at the *Savoy* as before.) Upon this rush'd in a Deluge of Vices, whose rage broke down the former Banks, and divided the Affections of those whom former Miseries seemed to have fast bound; thereby shewing that Fortune only, not Honesty, was both their Pilor and Cement, and that they held together more out of Destiny than Vertue; of all men the most to be detested. This did the Son of this suffering Father dearly prove, and as sadly consider: for that he having better Principles of *Honour* and *Honesty* from him whose Bloud he glories in, and being willingly defective in what those people
boast

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boast of, *Impudence* and *Falshood*, he found no worser recompences from any then those should most have assisted him. They said he was too great a Sufferer to be relieved; and some, that had they had Honour should have most lifted him up, banded against him. This made him accuse Fortune in the fit. But now humble and wiser reflexions on Providence, by which it comes to pass that what seems most otherwise proves often for our good, and considering the Person and Fate of our most Gracious *Sovereign*. who but a few months before His happy Restauration (when He was entertained with the highest Caresses imaginable) passed through the States of *Holland* unregarded, and was in other places worse used, considering this, and the giddy roulings of Fortune, with the rude insultations she makes on the Highest and Worthiest of men, retiring to recreate himself, he (as you see) put the brave and stout *BOETHIUS* into an English dress, which though ruder and courser then it should have been, is so much the more like his own Condition, and gives himself satisfaction, though not others: a poor satisfaction and pitiful comfort to a lost Family; yet he leaves it as a Relique of his Honest Mind, reposing his trust in Almighty God, who when he pleases can raise up those are cast down lowest: at least by this Posterity will know how, and in what unhappy Times, and for what cause it was the Storm came upon him and ruined him, and learn to decline the fondness of this mutable World, and seek the never-fading Treasure.

PAREN-

PARENTALIA

in memoriam nobilissimi T. C.

Arm. Hartford, facta.

Conduntur sub his manibus sicut decet Templi fulera,
Ossa magnanimi Herois, Thomæ,
Radulphi Coningsby Militis filii dignissimi,
Qui talis vivus fuit qualem vetat Pietas mori;
Et vix credent Posteris seculo isthoc vixisse,
Nisi quoddam Kēthēgior gerat verissimum, honestam miseriam.
Summæ Probitatis reum summa Infelicitas probat,
Virumque ad optima natum, quia sustulit pessima.
Acerrimus Æqui bonique, sed nunquam turbidus Affectus;
Justitiæ cultor strenuus, nec non minime Pacis;
Assertor Patria, sed nullus desertor Regis;
Libertatis publicæ Vindex, sed sine Perduellione;
Civis eximius, sed non deterior subditus.

Pro Fure veteri dimicavit contra novam Prærogativam;
Quod Jacobus Rex Carolusque sentiant, diliguntque simul;
Nempe integram dignoscentes fidem, etiam sic con~~tem~~tem.

Ob hæc, personam Regiam indutus, quando Regem ipsum
Satagit prosumum Vulgas (vix nefas!) exuere,
Non deserit Principem quem prius gravem habuit,
Minus oppressum ferens, quam opprimentem Dominum;
Qui justum excoertus, neminem aptiorem duxit
Justis qui plectat penis concitatam Plebem.

Hujus vesanæ Rabiem dum coercere accinctus
Vicecomes fidus fortiter officio fungitur,
Eheu! rebellibus armis violentus libertate privatur,
Per Conciliabulum istud quod veri liberos præ se tulit.
Savittiam cujus carnificinamque impiam
Variis rapinis carcēribusque refertam;

Qua divina omnia humanaque rapit atque excutit,
 Pie dedignans, animo infracto pertulit.
 Scilicet, Bona sua perdere maluit quam Virtutem;
 Nec moratur Fortunas, unice *Æ*stimator Honoris.
 Padet Hæreditatem emere tantis Majoribus reliquam,
 Vel cauponari terras quas sola Pietas prodidit;
 Ditiorem se reputans propter jacturas tales,
 Magisque beatum dummodo innocenter pauperem.

At non sic præcæ Fidei Pacisque Raptores,
 Qui gregem tantum deglubentes esuriunt adhuc,
 Et ferculis tot plenis absorptis, manent sordidum pecus;
 Non enim repletur hæc mala Bestia vel maledicta.

Ità demum proscissis Legibus Legumque Patrono,
 Serenissimo Dei Unctio sacrilegè trucidato,
 Libertate, Fide, rebus Sacris pessundatis,
 Corruentibus Ecclesiâ funditus atque Republicâ,
 Circumspicit omnia, cæterum nil dignum vitâ intuens,
 Heu! perfidas terræ fugit, cælum spirans,
 Martyris penè nomen adeptus, at Confessoris haud dubio.
 Illic fulgens Anima discescit nunquam spolianda,
 Et pace fruitor qua spernit turbæ Parricidales;
 Indè jam Orco maturum Senatulum despicit,
 Atque ipsis nequiores Damonibus Latrones ridet.

Vitâ functus est

Octob. 1^{mo}, Sepultus 5^{to},

Annæque *Æ*tatis 63.
 Incarcerationis 12.
 Salutis Hum. 1654.

On

On the same.

SO then, He's quit at last, and now hath gain'd
What baffled Justice never had obtain'd;
Has finish'd all at once, and found a friend
By whom two Compositions meet one end.
That of his Humane frame which they so oft
Had torn and bruise'd is for'd one half aloft,
Where they must never reach it, nor come nigh,
B'ing so weigh'd down with Bloud and Villany.
And for the other, though refin'd and grown
Purer then their Souls by Affliction,
So that like agile Vapour seem it might
To have made ready for the Spirits flight,
And cast off all its grosser weight, that so
It might keep pace and with like vigour goe
As did its swift Companion; yet because,
Breaking none else, he would keep Nature's Law,
See, here it falls among the noble dust
Of old Progenitors alike good and just,
And sily with Sir Harry and Sir Ralph
Now mingling Ashes sleeps as calm and safe:
Whose honest bones did welcomly give way
For his, that were as stout and true as they,
And seem'd in their cold Mother's lap to kiss
And hugg each others common fame and bliss.
Where let them rest, till that auspicious Morn
Shall dawn, will all their Loyalty return.
And now this broken thus and thus dissolv'd,
The second bursts, wherein he was involv'd,
The Body Politick's Chain, or rather Snare,
In which three Nations bound and tortur'd are;
That tearing Engine, on whose hooks we find
None caught, but leave their skin and flesh behind;

Our English Inquisition, which exceeds
That under which th' Hesperian Sinner bleeds :
For there unhappy wretches onely weep
For breaking Laws, but here because they keep :
There if they take Estates they take Life too ;
A civil Cruelty ; but we undoe,
And rob, and swallow all that should preserve,
Then shake whole Families off to beg and starve.
We do not sel at once the spreading Oak,
Nor kill his goodly pride at one fair stroke ;
But pill and bark it first, and so 'tis pin'd,
And dies inglorious torn with every wind.
Which barbarous Zeal none but a Jesuite can
Defend, or viler Presbyterian ;
None but the Rabbi Smec, whose vafrons Name
Will Guido and his Tribe excuse in shame ;
Who are now Brethren, and by dire consent
Have knit so fast a League 'twixt them and Trent,
That though they look big on't and face it still
In other points, yet both are one in Ill :
Whilst to resist, depose and murther Kings,
Are not proclaimed now such horrid things
As our same simple Fathers held, who were
Too innocent to be Godly, and did fear
God more then needs ; and who, if they liv'd now,
And would not humbly to this Idol bow,
Would not forswear, and plunder, and rebel,
And freely at their Order run to Hell,
Must through the dire Committees furnace pass,
Though seven times hotter then the Prophet's was.
And so did this great Heroe prove, who felt
Their twelve-years Limbo, whose hot flames did melt
And eat up both his Body and his Land,
Though he scorn'd both, that he might Loyal stand.
But now the kinder Grave hath all acquit,
Disdaining that the State out-spoiled it,

And

And grew more ravenous and dreadful more
By their new Tophets then was his before :
So that 'twas harder Villanage to get
Through their two Halls, then pay old Nature's debt ;
And the deep wounds of Death were look'd upon
As milder fate then Sequestration.
On which the Prince of Terrors jealous grew
Lest they would rival his Dominion too,
And cloud his Name, which, before theirs, none durst
Of all things Horrible deny the first.
Therefore he serv'd against them here, who hath
So long obey'd their irreligious wrath,
Rescuing this Martyr from the Harpies rape,
Just as their eager throats did widest gape.
For which we thank him, and shall thence begin
Fair hopes that he who their long friend hath been
May now turn foe, and pay back their base fears
With as much ruine and as many tears
As they have caus'd : unless they can as well
Covenant with Death as they have done with Hell.

M. S. D. D. G.

T H E

1

THE
FIRST BOOK
Of the
CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY.

I That was wont to sing full merrily,
Am forc'd sad tones to bowl in misery:
The tatter'd Muses bid me for to write
A mournful Song, while they with tears indite:
No terrour could affright these Sisters free,
But of my griefs. Companions they would be.
The glory of my happy youth does give
Some comfort to the cares in which I live.
Unwelcome age (that never-failing thief)
Intrudes himself, and mixes with my grief.
My hairs untimely from my head do fall,
My skin is loose, and joints do tremble all.
That death is happy that blithe Youth does spare;
But comes when call'd by one oppress'd with Care.
Alas ! he will not close the weeping eye,
And deaf he is to souls in misery.
Whiles fickle Fortune fann'd me with her wing,
Each hower fear of death with it did bring.
But now that she has chang'd her cozening face;
Death takes delight to come a Tortoise pace.
O friends, why did you oft me happy call ?
He ne're was firmly seated that could fall.

While thus I musing lay alone,
Designing how t'express my mone,
Above my head appear'd to me
A Woman of bright majesty,
With Eyes that shined clear and bright,
And pierc'd beyond all common sight ;
Of lively colour and full strength,
Although her years had drawn a length
Beyond what any mortal does.
Her Stature too was various,
Sometimes o'th' common size of men ;
But to the heavens she would then
Lift up her head, and pierce the sky,
Deluding the beholder's eye.
Her Robes were made of finest thred,
And without seam were perfected :
And, as I after came to know,
With her own hands she weav'd them so,
Like as old Pictures do appear
In smoaky rooms, their colour were :
And in the lower bordering
The letter Π was weav'd in green ;
And in the upper see you might
The letter Θ weav'd in white.
Between the letters there were set
As 'twere a ladder up to get,
So climbing the degrees, to move
From Earth below to Heaven above.
But some rude hand her Robe did tear,
And every one catcht for a share.

In her Right hand a Book she held,
A Sceptre did her Left hand wield.
When she the Muses had descry'd,
They standing all by my bed's side,
As willing for to comfort me,
On them she cast an angry eye,
And, Who unto this languishing
Sick man, said she, these whores did bring?
With poisons they his fancy please,
But give no Physick him can ease.
These, these are they that Reason's corn
Destroy, with planting fruitless thorn;
These trouble, not relieve, the mind:
And could you none but this man find?
Had you but only drawn apart
A rude, prophane or vulgar heart,
I had not car'd; but to insnare
Him who has been my only care,
In Wisdome's School brought up and nurst?
Go, go, ye Strens, go accurst,
And leave this sick man's cure to me.
This said, th'whole quire did agree
In one sad look, confest that they
For shame did blush, so went away.
Tears dazled had my eyes, and I
Affrighted all this while did lie;
Wondring who this same should be
Commanded with such majesty:
And silently I did me bear,
Expecting what next I should hear.

She me approach'd, and did sit down
 On my bed's side ; then with a frown
 She me beheld, who griev'd did lie,
 And on the ground had fixt my eye.
 But thus, she seeing me in pain,
 Of mans disquiet did complain.

*O how (cast down with care)
 Mens minds oppressed are,
 Who leaving bright day-light,
 Run groveling in the night,
 While clogg'd with things below,
 Vexations on them grow ?
 He, while he lived free,
 The heavenly Orbs did see,
 The splendor of the Sun,
 And course of the cold Moon,
 What course each wandering Star
 Thorough each Orb did bear.
 All these he firmly knew,
 And all the causes true :
 How shrill loud Winds do make
 The Pontick Sea to quake,
 What spirit rouses the world,
 How Hesperus that's hurl'd
 Down nightly, shines each morn ;
 Who 'tis that does adorn
 The Earth i'th' Spring with Flowers ;
 Who giveth fertile Showers,*

Makes

*Makes Autumn's grapes to swell.
He wou'ded was to tell
Dame Nature's secret laws ;
But now knows not the cause
Why he oppress'd does lie,
With sad and down-cast eye.
The foolish world him took,
Thence on it he does look.*

What boots it though, said she, to chide ?
'Twere better Physick were apply'd.
Then fiercely she on me did look,
Art thou the child, said she, I took,
Fed thee with milk and many a cate,
Untill thou cam'st to man's estate,
Then gave thee Arms, which had kept thee
(Hadst thou kept them) unconquer'd, free ?
Dost know me ? what, is't shame or fear
Does make thee silent ? would it were
Ingenuous Shame ; but I do see
'Tis stupid Fear oppresses thee.
But when not only silent I
But speechless seem'd, then she, to try
My health, upon my breast she lai'd
Her hand : Danger there's none, she said ;
A lethargy (the common ill
Of mindes seduc'd from good to ill)
He has, he's stupefi'd ; but lo,
When come to's self, he will me know.

Let's wipe from's eyes (that so he may)
 This cloud of mortal things away.
 Her vestment then folding in plies,
 She wip'd therewith my watry eyes.

*Darkness left me now and night,
 my sight came to me clear :
 Just as when bright Phœbus light
 at noon cannot appear,
 For that clouds have round about
 the hemisphere beset,
 So fixt, that it is a doubt
 the Heaven's motion's let :
 Boreas sent from Thracian den
 i'th' evening retrives
 The light o'th' Sun, whose beams then
 strike the beholders eyes.*

So sorrow's clouds being dispell'd,
 I looking up, found I beheld
 And knew the face that brought me cure :
 Then looking on her, Thou art sure
 My Nurse that brought me up, said I,
 Th'all-powerful Philosophy.
 Art thou from heaven also sent
 To exile, that thou dost frequent
 These solitudes ? or art thou come
 Me to accuse, as falsly some
 Already have ? Darling, said she,
 Why shouldst thou think I will leave thee,

And

I. Book I. of Philosophy.

7

And not part of the burthen take
Which thou dost bear for my names sake?
Philosophy would sure be shent,
If she should leave the Innocent.
Fear would me seise, as if in sight
Some hideous thing did me affright.
What? 'tis but now as it has been;
Wisdom full often has been seen
By wicked manners to be torn.
Of old, (our *Plato* not yet born)
How oft have I with Foolishness
Had strong contests? wise *Socrates*,
His Master, for me did see dy,
Yet dying gain'd the victory.
Stoicks and *Epicures* by name
Unto his wisdom have lay'd claim,
And others too what came to hand
(Though I did call and did withstand)
Did catch as prey, they tore my Coat
Which with my own hands I had wrought,
And every one did get a part,
Believ'd they'd all, they did depart.
'Mongst these, 'cause something did appear
Like me, *Imprudence* thought they were
Of mine; so the mad multitude
She did pervert with Errors rude.
Perhaps thou dost not know the flight
Of *Anaxagoras*, nor spight
That *Socrates* endured, nor
The torments *Zeno* suffer'd, for

That they were strangers : yet thou know'st
 That glorious memory can boast
 The *Canii*, *Soran's*, *Seneca's* ;
 Recent are the fames of these.
 Why was't these Vertuous men did fall ?
 'Cause in my manners they were all
 Instructed, loose minds could not like
 Their manners, so to theirs unlike.
 So that no wonder 'tis at all,
 If in the conflict they do fall
 Whose Maximes are for to displease
 The bad, whose number's numberless,
 Yet to be scorn'd, for that no guide
 But E R R O R, who draws them aside,
 They have, who if 'gainst us in fight
 He do draw up, and us does fright,
 Our chieftain presently does place
 Her forces in a secure place.
 They instantly in vain imploy
 Themselves, our strength for to destroy ;
 While we above sit and deride
 Their plunderings and foolish pride.
 Thus from their fury we retire,
 Sit safe, where Folly can't aspire.

*Who in a quiet state
 With an undaunted look
 Can trample on proud Fate,
 Good and bad Fortune brook,*

Not him the foaming threats
 Of rough Seas yelling death,
 Nor Vesuvus fierce beats
 That strive to stop his breath,
 Nor Lightning wild, which coming from above
 Full oft high towers does consume, can move.
 Do not for Tyrants care,
 Who without force do rage,
 Nor hope thou, nor yet fear:
 Their fury thoult' assuage.
 But who does trembling stand,
 Wishing for what's not sure,
 Has left for to command,
 And must (in slav'd) endure.
 The fool has made a Chain, and 'tis most fit
 That he that made it should be bound with it.

Do'st thou yet understand? or do
 I to a Goose yet velvet show?
 Why do'st thou weep? why tears do'st shed?
 Speak, shew thy Reason is not dead.
 If thoult' be cured don't be shy
 Thy wounds to shew. My mind's force I
 Collecting then, this answer made,
 Does not fell Fortune me invade?
 What need I further it declare?
 This place it self does make't appear.
 Is this at all like to that place
 Which thou didst chuse for thy solace,

My Library, where thou and I
Oft did descant on the beauty
Of things both humane and divine?
Did I then thus my arms entwine?
Or did I thus dejected look,
When we disclos'd hid Nature's book;
When with thy *Jacob's* staff thou me
Instructed'st in Geometrie,
And didst describe the spangled Sky,
That I should guide my life thereby?
And is this all that they do earn
That thee do serve? did not I learn
From *Plato's* mouth, as thy decree,
Those Common-wealths should happy be,
Where either wise men bear the sway,
Or else, where to wise Guardians they
Committed are? by him also
Thou with good arguments dost show,
That honest men endeavour should
To sit at helm, and not be fool'd,
Nor let lewd Citizens to grow,
Who would the good quite overthrow.
This thou me taught'st, and I desir'd
To practice what thou had'st inspir'd.
Thou and my God (who thee did place
In wise mens minds) are witnesses
That nothing but the good o'th' State
Brought me to be a Magistrate.
Hence all my mischiefs grew, 'cause I
With wicked men could not comply.

The wicked ones I did offend ;
 Though ne're so great, I them contemn'd.
 I could not *Conigastus* brook
 When he the goods of poor men took.
 How oft *Triguilla* (though he were
 The King's great Household-officer)
 Have I restrain'd from ills before,
 Such as were past made him restore ?
 How often did I interpose
 My power, with hazard, to save those
 Who marked were for sacrifice
 By the *Barbarians* cruelties ?
 No man did ever me withdraw
 From doing right : that without Law
 By Pillage and by Taxes rise
 The people suffer'd, was my grief,
 As much as theirs. Before the King
 In a great Famine I did bring
 The Prætor, urg'd the heavy rate
 Laid on *Campania*, and that State
 Sav'd from improv'ishing. I drew
Paulinus Consul (when a crew
 Of ravening wolves did go about
 Him to devour) safely out.
 When *Cyprian Albin* did accuse,
 Him till his trial to excuse
 I did my self to th' hate expose
 Of his accuser. All these foes
 For others cause I now do prove.
 My safety then should others move,

Since

Since that there is no way for me
Now left, by Courtiers to be free,
'Cause I was good. But by what way
Was my fall wrought? why, even they
Who *Basil* had accus'd before,
And him displac'd, now being poor,
They him did hire me to accuse.
Opilio also they did use,
And lewd *Gaudentius*, two that were
For cheating banish'd, and for fear
Did take Asyle; the King advis'd
Did judge them to be stigmatiz'd,
If not soon gone: yet these 'gainst me
Were heard: unheard-of cruelty!
Was it my cause, or their offence,
Made them so righteous evidence?
Fortune (if not to see me blam'd,
At least so basely) was asham'd.
But what great Crime? in short 'twas this;
I wisht the Senate's happiness.
And how? I stood in the defence
O'th' Senate, quasht the evidence
Prepar'd to make them Traytors all.
Now judge you whether that I shall
Rather this hainous crime deny,
And so shame thee, or justify
It as a truth. I'll be no lier,
I did and ever wil't desire.
Shall I confess it an offence?
I then must own the evidence.

But

But was't a crime to wish them well?
 Their own Decrees 'gainst me do tell
 That it was so : but Follie's elf
 (Which ever does bely it self)
 Can't change the merit of the cause.
 Nor ought I by *Socratick* laws
 To hide the truth, or grant a ly :
 If so, then in what fault am I?
 But this to thee and all wise men
 I leave to judge ; yet with my pen
 I'll write it down, that all may know,
 Present and future, what I doe.
 Why should I name those Letters feign'd,
 By which I falsly was arraign'd
 The Roman liberty to hope?
 The craft of them had been lay'd ope,
 If the confession might that day
 (Which in all business most does sway)
 Of my accusers have been ta'ne.
 'Las ! hopes of freedome none remain.
 I well may wish, but answer'd had
 In *Caninus* words, when it was said
 By *Caius Caesar*, he was one
 That wrought the Conjurat[i]on
 Which was contrived against him,
If I had known't, thou hadst not bin.
 But sorrow has not so me dull'd,
 Only to whine because Vice would
 'Gainst Vertue strive : but I admire
 Her to o'recome he should aspire.

Weakness may prompt us unto ill :
But that we should conceive our Will
(God seeing) against Innocence
Should conquer, monstrous is to sense.
From hence one of your family,
Not ill, thus reason'd, *If there be*
A God, from whence does evil come ?
If none, whence good ? but to come home;
Grant wicked men, who sought the bloud
O'th' Senate, and of all were good;
Sought mine, who did the Senate serve ;
From them too did I it deserve ?
When did I either say or doe,
But thou didst me instruct thereto ?
Thou know'st, not dreading danger, how
The Senate's good I did avow,
Whenas th'insatiate greedy King
Did (at *Verona*) cause to bring
Albinus Treason on them all,
That in his guilt they all might fall.
That all these things are true thou know'st;
That of my self I ne're did boast.
For he does lessen his good name,
Who by a brag does catch at fame.
But see th'event : for Vertue true,
I'me paid with what to th'Wicked's due.
When free confession at a Bar
Is made, those Judges cruel are
Who humane frailty don't respect,
Nor on false Fortune do reflect.

Had I burnt Churches, kill'd the Priests,
Made righteous blood run through the streets,
Yet present I should have been try'd ;
But now five hundred miles aside
I by the Senate am condemn'd
(Because that I did them defend)
To death and to proscription.
O worthy that ne're any one
Should so offend ! but they did see
Of my great guilt the dignity ;
Which for to blind they did alledge,
Falsly ; that I by Sacriledge
My conscience had defil'd, t'attain
My honours : but thou know'st that gain
Of Worldly things thou far away
Didst from my mind remove, nor may
It be believ'd, who in thy sight
Does live, can such a crime commit.
This *Pythagorean* daily thou
Into my ears and thoughts didst sow,
FOLLOW THOU GOD : nor was it right
That he should use an unclean sp'rite,
Whose excellence thou mad'st so free,
That like to God he seem'd to be.
At home my innocent Retreat,
Of honest Friends the concourse great,
The sweet society I held
With holy *Symmachus*, dispell'd
Even suspicion of such crimes.
But O the wickedness o'th' times !

They

They with this crime did me asperse,
'Cause with thy doctrine and manners
I was replete : so not enough
That thou no help shouldst me allow,
But for me too thou shouldst be torn.
One evil more not to be born
Was, that most men did think it right,
They not the Cause, but Fortune's spight
Beholding, crying all things down
But what th'Event does happy crown.
Who Fortune leaves, it haps to those
Their good esteem they first do lose.
To think on't is vexation great,
How busily the Vulgar treat.
And 'tis most true, The heaviest weight
Of adverse Fortune is, that strait
Who is accus'd, and falls thereby,
Is thought to suffer worthily.
And I from my estate thrust out,
Stript of my honours, and no doubt
Of my good name, thus suffer must
For goodness punishments unjust.
Besides, methinks I plainly see
The wicked making jollity,
And egging each trapanning knave,
No matter how, the good t'enslave ;
Who by my fall deterr'd, do ly
Open unto their villany :
Who dare doe mischief 'cause that they
Unpunish'd are, and will for prey.

This to the innocent is hard,
 Not only for to be debarr'd
 Of safety, but of his defence.
 Then loud to cry is no offence.

*O thou most High,
 that sitt'st on thy eternal Throne,
 Who to th' whole Sky
 gav'st rules for it to move alone,
 That mad'st the Moon
 by th' Sun's reflex to shine so bright,
 Small Starrs to drown,
 he from her hid, to lose her light.
 One Star thou mad'st
 t'attend the Sun each night new born,
 Which then invades
 the circle to bring up the morn.
 When Winter does
 the trees devest, to have short light;
 When Summer cloaths
 them, then thou dost contract the night.
 Throughout the year
 the seasons rul'd are by thy power :
 What's nipt by th' Bear,
 the West-wind's fresh again restore ;
 And when benigne
 Arcturus gravidates the earth,
 Then thou dost bring
 hot ripening Sirius to the birth.*

All things we see
by thy fixt law thou dost direct;
And can it be
that Man alone thou should'st neglect?
How, or from whence,
is't fickle Chance does him pursue,
And Innocence
receive the hire to th' wicked due?
That wicked men
set in high place the good deride,
Whil'st in a den
bright Vertue's forc'd her head to bide,
And the Just man
a villain's deem'd, whil'st perjuries
Do him trapan,
and neatly-close-composed lies?
But if that they
get strength, insulting they none spare,
But make a prey
of mighty Kings whom all do fear.
Thou that guid'st all,
behold this miserable Earth,
And the no small
part of it, Man, thy dearest birth.
Fortune's his foe,
but thy great power her rage can lay.
Then us below,
as thou above dost, rule we pray.

When I with grief had this snarl'd out,
She smil'd, and nothing mov'd, No doubt
(Said she) I made, when I did see
Thee weep, thou wert in misery,
And banish'd; but how far from home,
Hadst thou not told me, I'de not known.
But from your Country, as you've said,
You are not banish'd, but have straid.
Or if you'd rather think it true,
Tis you your self has banish'd you:
For no man living else could doe't.
Remember that your off-spring's root
Is not *Athenian* Anarchy,
But in one King blest Monarchy,
Who joys in many Subjects free,
Does none thrust out, by's laws to be
Guided, and's justice to obey
Is the full summe of all we pray.
Dost thou not of thy Country know
The ancient law, the which does show
That no man can be banish'd thence
That there would make his residence?
For who within its bounds does keep,
Can't fear he can deserve to sleep
In exile: but who would it quit,
Quits therewithall desert and wit.
So not the place, but thy disguise
Me moves. For why? I do not prize
Thy Library so richly wrought,
But thy own Mind with Verues fraught,

Which not of Books, but Knowledge great,
I once with care had made the seat,
Thou hast with truth spoke thy good will
To th'common good, but with small skill
Thou hast thy own deserts lay'd out.
That thou art honest none do doubt :
All know the falshood they did use.
Thou hast done well not to accuse,
But gently, thy accusers hate,
Because all tongues do it relate.
Thou blam'st the Senate's foul decree,
Thou griev'st they have accused me,
Bewail'st the loss of my good name,
And then 'gainst Fortune dost exclaim.
With bitterness thou dost complain,
That Vertue's recompens'd with pain.
At last thou thy sharp verse dost close
With praier, on earth, for heaven's repose.
By all which plainly we may see
Sadness and grief distracteth thee.
So that in this mind thou art in,
With easie things we must begin.
Those perturbations that thee swell
A gentle handling may dispell.
So fitted them for to endure,
With sharper med'cines we'l thee cure.

*Who seasons does not know,
But does i'th' Solstice sow,*

'Tis

'Tis fit he should want Bread,
 And be with Acorns fed.
 No Violets you'l find,
 When Frost the earth does bind;
 Nor on the wither'd tree
 Fresh branches will you see.
 'Tis Autumn, all can tell,
 When Bacchus clusters swell.
 God does unto each time
 A proper use assigne;
 And it so fast has bound,
 Nothing can it confound:
 But what does it forsake,
 A sad account does make,

With a few questions first must I,
 With your good leave, you move and try;
 That so I may know your disease:
 Ask me, said I; e'ne what you please,
 I'll answer make. Then she reply'd,
 Dost think that Chance this world does guide?
 Or think'st thou Reason does it rule?
 Then said I, I am no such fool
 To think rash Chance at all can move
 Such certainties; 'tis God above
 To his own work does sure preside,
 Nor will, nor have I it deny'd.
 'Tis true, said she, you so did sing
 When Man you griev'd to be the thing

Only from care Divine left out.
But of the rest you made no doubt.
And truly I do wonder how
You can be ill, that this do know.
But we will higher seek to find,
For that I guess something's behind.
Then tell me, since thou dost believe
That God to th' world does order give,
By what means does he govern it ?
I cannot frame an answer fit,
Since scarce thy scope by me's conceiv'd.
Then I, said she, was not deceiv'd,
Thinking a breach was open left
By which disturbances in crept.
But can'st thou tell of things the ends,
Or unto what whole Nature tends ?
I've heard, but grief makes me forget.
Dost know who all things did beget ?
Yes, God, said I. And how can't be
That you the Rife, yet End don't see ?
Troubles of mind ('tis often found)
Do man in's Reason much confound,
But not destroy. Answer me than,
Dost thou remember thou'rt a Man ?
Why yes, said I, most perfectly.
And can'st thou tell what 'tis to be
A Man ? Strange question askt, as though
Me rational I did not know,
And mortal too ; I do confess.
Dost thou, said she, know nothing else ?

Why,

Why, no : Then thy disease is plain,
 Self-ignorance does cause thy pain.
 And now the cause I have found out,
 Thee for to cure I do not doubt.
 Confounded by Oblivion vile,
 Thou griev'st thy plunders and exile :
 Not knowing of all things the close,
 Thou vile men happy dost suppose :
 Forgetting how the world is sway'd,
 Thou think'st that Chance has thee betray'd.
 Not cause of Sicknes hence alone,
 But Death it self may eas'ly come.
 That yet thou dost in safety live,
 To God thou'rt bound thy thanks to give.
 Of Health a symptome great I find
 By th' sense thou hast of the world's mind,
 That Chance therein does not abide,
 But Godly Reason does it guide.
 Then do not fear, this spark so small
 In thee life's fier kindle shall.
 But for yet 'tis not time t'apply
 Strong remedies, therefore will I
 (*Knowing by nature minds up take*
Opinions when they truth forsake,
From whence Disturbances arise,
And darken their truth-seeing eyes)
 This cloud of Errours dissipate,
 Or gently it attenuate.
 From falshood's darkness so set free,
 Truth's glorious splendor thou may'st see.

In clouded sky
the Starrs no light can give.
When Winds blow high,
at Sea we scarce can live.

A Floud down hill
with ready current goes,
But does stand still
when Rocks do it oppose.

So Truth's bright charms
if thou wilt clearly see,
Clouds, Rocks and Storms
must first removed be.

Nor Hope, nor Fear,
nor Joy, nor Grief obey;
Minds clouded are
and byass'd where these sway.

THE SECOND BOOK.

WHile silently on me she gaz'd,
Her modesty m' attention rais'd.
Then she began; If truly I
The causes of thy grief espy,
Thy former Fortune thou dost grieve,
The change of which thou dost believe

Thy

Thy Mind has alter'd. I well know
The many wiles of this fiend foe.
Most friendly she does ever use
Those whom she most means to abuse,
With saddest grief them casting down,
When unexpected she does frown.
But if thou wilt but lay to heart
Her manners, nature, and desert,
In her was nothing worth thy cost,
Nor by her hast thou gain'd or lost.
But this into thy mind to bring,
I think will be an easie thing.
With my wise sayings thou wert wont
(When she thee courted) her to hunt.
But nothing new does us come nigh
Without the mind's reluctancy.
Hence 'tis that thou a while art gone
From thine own quiet station.
But time it is that thou do take
Some pleasing Cordials, thee to make
More fit strong medicines to receive;
Soft, sweet Persuasives I conceive,
Which only then have their right use,
When they our dictates don't abuse.
With them let Musick's sweet delight
Strike notes now solemn, and now light.
What is't, I pray, has wrought this teen?
Hast thou ought new, not heard of seen?
If thou blam'st Fortune for this change,
Thou err'st; her nature is to range:

She

She her own law has kept with thee,
In keeping Mutability.

Such was she when she thee did lure,
And with false joys did thee allure.

Her double Deity to thee
Discover'd is, which few else see.

And if you like her, don't complain;
If not, then do thou her disdain.

And this which now does thee oppress,
Should cause thy ease and quietness.

She thee has left; if not, 'tis sure
Thou never could'st have been secure.

Do fading joyes so rich appear?

Are Fortune's smiles to thee so dear?

Why, thou canst neither trust her stay,
Nor brook that she should goe away.

Then if that none can her retain,
Nor let her goe without great pain,

What is this slipp'ry Deity,
But index of Calamity?

*For what time present does commend,
Prudence regards not, but the End.*

And who both waies her nature metes,
Nor kindness hopes, nor fears her threats.

With a contented mind then bear

What's done in Fortune's theatre,
Since thou art under her command.

For with what reason can it stand,
She should not her own freedome use,

Whom for thy mistress thou didst chuse?

Thou at thy Fortune may'st repine,
 But can'st not change one stroke i'th' line.
 If Sailes to th' winds committed are,
 The Ship no certain course can steer;
 Nor thou to thy design'd Port goe,
 But thither where the winds do blow.
 Thou sow'st thy ground good Corn to bear,
 But oft-times comes a barren year.
 Fortune's thy Mistress, her obey.
 But thou her turning wheel would'st stay.
 Fool of all fools! if once that she
 Stands still, she Fortune leaves to be.

*While thus with haughty pride she does run round,
 And like a torrent all does drown'd,
 Cruel, she without awe on Kings does tread,
 And falsely smiling mounts the abject head.
 She hears no plaints, nor cares for pain,
 But laughs at them that do complain.
 Those who her trust she cozens, by her power.
 Shewing them blest and curst the self-same hour.*

But yet let Fortune have fair play,
 Then judge if ought but right she say.
 Why dost thou daily me accuse,
 O man? how do I thee abuse?
 What is't that from thee I have ta'ne?
 Chuse thy own Judge, 'fore him complain.
 Of Wealth and Honours me implead;
 I willingly will back concede

All that thou ask'st, if't can be shown
That any mortal them does own.
When first to live thou didst begin,
Naked and poor I took thee in :
With my own goods I cherish'd thee,
For which thou now dost rail at me.
I brought thee up with tenderness,
And with abundance did thee bless.
Well ; now from thee these things are rent :
Be thankfull I so long them lent ;
And not complain that thou art crost,
As if thy own goods thou hadst lost.
No violence on thee does light ;
Wealth, Honours, Pleasures are my right ;
Me for their mistress they do own,
With me they come, with me they'r gone.
Thou rashly dost to them lay claim,
And falsly dost thy loss proclaim.
Shall only I be barr'd my right ?
The Heavens we see do bring forth Light,
And it again with Darknes hide.
Each year the Earth decks as a bride,
With Fruits, and Leaves, and Flowers gay ;
Then with chil Frosts nips them away.
Calm Seas and quiet now entice,
Now into horrid Storms do rise.
Yet me (that fickle am by kind)
Insatiate Man to him will bind.
I, having power, i'th' world do play,
And sporting turn a wheel alway ;

Pleasing my self to see how I
 The high turn down, the low bring high.
 If thou do for thy pleasure climbe,
 To throw thee down is my pastime.
 And yet no injury to thee,
 To use my own, I being free.
 Dost thou not know rich *Cræsus* fate,
 Whom *Cyrus* great did fear of late,
 Himself had burnt in his rich tower,
 Had Heavens not quench'd it with a shower?
 Hast thou forgot how pious *Paul*
 Did grieve his pris'ner *Perfes* fall?
 What do all Tragedies deplore
 But Fortune's turning Kingdoms o're?
 When yet a youth, wert thou not taught
 That at *Jove's* threshold there were wrought
 Two Vessels, one replete with Ills,
 The other Goodness wholly fills?
 What if too much thou took'st of one,
 If yet from thee I am not gone?
 What if this change a just cause be
 That thou shouldst better hope of me?
 Then faint not, nor desire to be,
 Where all are subject, only free.

*If as the sands
 the Seas cast up on high,
 Or as the bands
 of Starres i'th' spangled sky,*

*If so with Wealth
 rich plenty should us store ;
 Yet want of pelf
 vain man would still deplore.
 If God each one
 Honours and Wealth should grant ;
 Still they would mone
 Honours and Wealth to want.
 Rapine does still
 insatiately require :
 No bridle will
 hold in untam'd desire.
 None have so much
 but still desire more :
 He's never rich
 that thinks that he is poor.*

If Fortune thus to thee should say,
 How couldst thou answer her, I pray ?
 Now if thou canst thy plaints defend,
 Speak forth, and I'll attention lend.
 Then I ; These are but specious shows,
 Musick and Rhetorick, God knows,
 Which while we hear do only please ;
 But to deep Grievs do give no ease.
 When from the ear the sound is gone,
 Grief more the heart does work upon.
 'Tis true, said she ; these foment are
 Apply'd but only to prepare

To cure thy unruly grief.

But that which must bring thee relief
Must deeper pierce, which I'll apply
When 'tis fit time the same to try.

To be in misery to profess,
Is to forget thy Happiness.

Thy Father dead thou wert took in
By the chief men, and joyn'd in kin
(Alliance which is only good)

First to their love, and then their blood.

Who did not emulate thy joys

Blest with such Father, Wife, and Boys?

But these as common I pass by ;

Nor will I name the dignity

With which thy Youth did Age excell :

The top of thy blest Hap I'll tell.

If that in mortal things we see

Ought that is blessed, can it be

A cloud the light should so obscure

That memory should not endure ?

When thy two Sons thou didst behold

Carry'd from home, Consuls inroll'd,

The Senators them waiting on,

And peoples acclamation ;

When thou the King's praise didst dilate

Before them plac'd in chairs of state ;

When thou 'twixt them, while throngs did press,

Triumphall largesse didst disperse :

While Fortune thus did favour thee,

While of her bounties she was free,

While

While none so much her minion was,
 Thou her good words didst give, I guess.
 Let thee and Fortune reckon now.
 What though that she has bent her brow?
 Number thy Joys and Sadnesses,
 Thou happy yet wilt thee confess.
 And if that thou do therefore mone,
 Because thy Joys are past and gone:
 Like reason bids thee mourning stay,
 Since sorrows also pass away.
 Art into th' world but newly come?
 Do'st look here for *Elyzium*?
 What's in this life of certainty,
 When ev'ry hower men do dy?
 And could we Fortune's self insure,
 She could but until death endure.
What difference then, whether by dying
Thou leave her, or she thee by flying?

When Phœbus galloping amain
scatters his orient light,
The lesser Starrs to fly are fain
from his all-dazling sight.
When Zephyrus doth gently blow,
the Earth a blush puts on;
But ruffling Auster he doth throw
death's paleness her upon.
When courted with a gentle grace,
the Seas are smooth and clear:

But

*But then put on an angry face,
 when Boreas does appear.
 If nothing in this world be sure,
 but all to change is bent ;
 Trust if thou wilt to Fortune's lure ;
 trust what's not permanent.
 But know that ev'ry thing that's made
 lies under this decree,
 To rise, to flourish, and to fade,
 and then no more to be.*

Lady of Vertues, then said I,
 All thou hast said is verity :
 A prosperous swift course I had,
 Which to remember makes me sad :
*For of all mischief that is seen,
 The worst is to have happy been.*
 Opinion thee does vex, said she ;
 From which the things themselves are free.
 If the vain name of Loss thee stound,
 Let's see how much thou dost abound.
 If thou the best dost still retain,
 How canst thou of misfortune plain ?
 If thou keep'st still of Fortune's store
 What is most rich, thou art not poor.
 Thy Father, mankind's ornament,
 Best *Symmachus*, to Vertue bent
 And holy Wisdom, for whose health
 Thou wouldst lay down thy life and wealth,

He safe from injuries does mone
Thy miseries, as if his own.
Thy Wife does live, commended high
For modest wit and chastity ;
No more to say, her father's like,
For thee does live, though in dislike
Of life : in which one thing I grant
Thou full felicity dost want ;
For that she wishing thy relief,
Does pine away herself with grief.
Thy Children, who have Consuls bin,
Maintain th' uprightness of their kin.
Since Life then is the thing most rare,
For which all mankind does take care ;
How blest would'st thou thy self confess,
If thou knew'st thy own happiness,
Enjoying still, as't does appear,
What then life's self is far more dear ?
Then cease to grieve, and things miscall,
Since Fortune has not shipwreckt all.
That Anchors stick, and sound's the Rope,
Gives comfort now, and future hope.
Pray God they hold, and still be sound ;
For if they hold, we shall not drown.
But thou dost see how we are torn,
How over-board our goods are born.
I'me glad, said she, thou moved art,
And that thy grief is but for part.
But I thy niceness can't digest,
And plaints, 'cause thou'rt not wholly blest.

For who so full content can find,
 That something won't displease his mind?
 Humane affairs still doubt procure,
 Or never gain'd, or never sure.
 One does abound, but's sham'd by's Birth;
 Another Noble, wanteth earth.
 One stor'd with both wails single life:
 Another happy in a Wife
 Wants Children, and does grieve to see
 Another's Child his Heir must be.
 Another having Children store,
 Grieves they are wicked, or else poor.
 So none with Fortune are content,
 But their Condition still lament.
 They'r ignorant, her have not try'd;
 And they that have, can't her abide.
 Adde, those men that most happy are,
 Have quickest sense of their ill fare:
 If Fortune but a little frown,
 With smallest gusts they are cast down.
 An easie thing distracts the state
 Of those that are most fortunate.
 How many dost thou daily see,
 Would think themselves in heav'n to be,
 If they the least part did possess
 Of that which yet thy life does bless?
 This place which thou call'st Banishment,
 The Natives live in with content.
 So nothing's ill, but what's so thought;
 And unless so, there's happy nought.

Who is so happy, but (if he
Once angry grow) a change would see ?
With what a world of bitterness
Is season'd humane happiness ?
Which though it please while't does remain,
Yet none could ever it retain.
See then the miserable bliss
That in all mortal things there is,
Which stay not with those are content,
Nor please the froward while they'r lent.
Why mortals then seek bliss without,
The which within they need not doubt,
Is for that Errour them does drown'd,
And Ignorance does them confound.
The center of true bliss I'll show.
Dost thou to any thing more ow
Then to thy self? why, no : then why
Enjoy'st thou not thy self wholly ?
In doing so thou shalt enjoy
What Fortune's self can't take away.
And that these casual things do ow
No Blessedness, thou thus may'st know.
*If Blessedness be the chief Good
By Humane Reason understood,
And that the chiefest Good is not
Which does depend upon a lot ;
For that that same excell it must
Which Chance nor Power out can thrust :
'Tis manifest that Bliss is higher
Then Fortune's fopp'ries can aspire.*

This more ; *Who* Happiness does row,
Or knows *she'l* change, or does not know.
If he don't know, what blessedness
Can be in ignorant blindness ?
And if he know, his fears are still
He shall her lose, since goe she will.
So being in fear continually,
'Tis sure he happy cannot be.
And if her loss he can neglect,
So that no way it him deject,
'Tis a poor Bliss that will not cross
Him that enjoys it, in the loss.
But since by many ways thou'rt known
To be a person who does own
That humane minds not mortal are,
And that this one thing more is clear,
That Death this Happiness does end ;
Then if no further it extend,
No doubt but all mankind that dy,
By Death fall into misery.
But we have many known that have
Sought Blessedness e'en in the grave,
By Death not only, but have so
By torments and afflictions too :
Then in this Life what can us bless,
Whose end only gives Blessedness ?

*Who would him fear
With caution great,*

Where is no fear
That Winds should tears,
Nor Waves that threat
A downfall great ;
Let him not fly
To Mountains high,
Where Winds that blow
May overthrow ;
Nor on Sands rear
Which cannot bear :
But set him down
In a low ground,
Where Winds that roar
Can't turn him o're.
Thus quiet be,
May happy be,
Scorning their rage
Throughout his age.

But since that I these foment find
Already sink into thy mind,
I stronger med'cines now will try.
Grant Fortune's goods had certainty:
What's in them that is worth the while,
Or well consider'd is not vile ?
Are Riches thine, or of such count ?
Does Gold or Mony so surmount ?
Why, in the spending, these by far
(Then in th' acquist) more glorious are.

Base Avarice is hated still ;
 Bounty does mouths with praises fill.
 And since Wealth can with no man stay,
 Wealth's precious then when giv'n away.
 For should one man keep all the store,
 All other men must needs be poor.
 Words without Cost all men may spare,
 But Riches spent diminish'd are.
 Why, then 'tis of necessity,
 Who parts with's Wealth, he poor must be.
 How poor a thing is Riches then,
 Which cannot be enjoy'd by men ?
 Nor without making many poor
 Can any man make up a store.

Does Jewels lustre thee intice ?
 If ought be in them of great price,
 'Tis from the Jewels, not the Men.
 Why so admir'd, I wonder then.
 What in a senseless thing can seem
 So fair, that Reason so't should deem ?
 Which though they by creation are,
 In their degree, exceeding fair ;
 Yet far below thee they are plac'd,
 Nor do deserve to be so grac'd.

Do pleasant Fields else thee delight ?
 Why not ? no doubt 'tis a fair sight.
 So does the Sea delight the eye,
 The Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Sky.
 But what are all these things to thee ?
 Dar'st thou at all boast their beauty ?

Dost thou sweet *May* adorn with flowers?
Is Earth made fertile by thy showers?
Why of vain joys dost so much make?
External, for thine own dost take?
Fortune will never make that thine
Which does by Nature thee decline.
The Earth no doubt her fruits does bring
To nourish ev'ry living thing.
And if enough will thee suffice,
Scorn Fortune's superfluities.
Nature with little is content;
And if on her there more be spent,
'Twill or not please, or hurtfull be
With nauseous satiety.

Dost thou delight for to appear
In sev'ral Suits gorgeous and dear?
If they at all the fancy raise,
The stuff or Taylor has the praise.

Will many Servants make thee blest?
If bad, they are a household pest:
If good, anothers probity,
Pray, what shall that redound to thee?
By all which it is plainly shown,
What thou count'st thine is not thine own.
And if no beauty be in these,
Why should they anger thee, or please?
And if by nature they are fair,
And so thee please, what need'st thou care,
Since thou may'st all their beauty see,
Though they possess by others be?

For they not precious are therefore,
'Cause thou hast made them of thy store :
But thou hast them in great esteem,
Because that they do precious seem ;
And hunt'st them with great earnestness,
For fear that want should thee oppress.
In this thou art deceiv'd also,
Since still thou want'st to make a show :
For this of all hands we must grant,
They that have most, they most do want.
Who nature only would suffice,
Cares not for superfluities.
Have you no inward sweet content,
On outward things you are so bent ?
Or how is your condition free ?
With a divine soul dost agree,
To boast the glory of thy state
In goods that be inanimate ?
Their own contents each other thing :
But you, whose Mind from Heav'n does spring,
With low things would your self adorn,
Whereby you your Creator scorn.
God would have Man all things excell :
He, them to serve, himself does sell.
For if that good more precious is
Then that which does that good possess,
And you base things your good esteem,
You truly them to serve do seem.
Which justly does upon you light,
Of Man not having the foresight,

To know, all things he does excell
Whenas himself he does know well :
And if himself he cease to know,
He puts himself the Beasts below.
*For Ignorance the nature is
Of Beasts, but 'tis of Man the vice.*
You do your self but make a scorn,
When you with what's not yours adorn.
For what is seen we only prize ;
What's hid, in its own ordure lies.
I do deny that good to be
Which does the owner injury.
Am I in this deceiv'd, or no ?
I'me sure that thou wilt not say so.
But oft who Riches do possess,
By them are brought to heaviness.
Since ev'ry rogue does think that he
Has right to them as well as thee.
And thou who now thy throat dost fear,
And for false goods dost take such care,
If thou those goods away would'st fling,
Before the Thief thou'dst leap and sing.
Then worldly Wealth great joy has sure,
While who't enjoyes can't be secure.

*Happy that Age
who their own Fields did till ;
Could Hunger's rage
with Acorns eas'ly fill ;*

Did not their Wine
with hony mixt confound,
Nor made them fine
with Tyrian dye unsound;
Who on the grass
did take their quiet rest,
Drink Water was,
and under Pines did feast:
When dang'rous Trade,
which with it Wealth did bring,
Was not yet made
of Vice the fatal spring.
No Trumpets did
the Souldiers minds elate,
No weapons hid
in wounds through mortal hate.
What could invite
men then to kill and slay?
For none would fight
if it were not for pay.
O would again
those manners might return!
But love of gain
like Aetna's fire does burn.
Ah! who was he
that first did treasures find?
Man lived free
they in their cells confin'd.

Of powers and of dignities,
Which you extoll unto the skies,
Not knowing truly what they are,
I will unto thee now declare.
If they in wicked hands do light,
Not *Aetna's* flames can shew such spight,
Nor Inundations doe such harm.
Of this let Consuls power warn,
Which first ta'ne up for Liberty,
So great a burthen grew to be,
Your Fathers sought to lay't aside,
As Kings before were for their pride.
And if by chance (as 'tis but rare)
Honours conferr'd on good men are,
What is in them that can delight
But Courtesie and doing right?
So that there is no honour due
To Dignity without Vertue.
For Vertue only does conferre
Honour on those in power are.
And what is this desired thing?
What does this glorious Power bring?
Did you but see, you would deride
Those poor things to which you preside.
O things of Clay! if among Mice
The itch of Honour should intice,
And one for highest place should croud,
Would it not make you laugh aloud?
For if the Body thou look on,
What poorer thing is made then Man,

Who

Who oft destroy'd is by a Fly,
 Whom oft a Worm does cause to dy ?
 Now none can greater power have,
 Then this poor Body to enslave,
 Or that which far inferior is,
 The goods of Fortune, *fools chief blifs.*
 For no man the free Mind commands,
 Nor moves, which firm on Reason stands.
 When once (we reade) a Tyrant King
 By cruel torments sought to bring
 A bold free spirit to relate
 Who with him did confederate,
 With's teeth he did his tongue displace,
 And threw it in the Tyrant's face.
 So to his vertue bravely he
 Did turn the Tyrant's cruelty.
 What to another can one doe
 That he himself's not subject to ?
Busiris who his guests did kill,
 His bloud great *Hercules* did spill.
 And *Regulus*, who oft in bands
 The *Pæni* led, they bound his hands.
 Then what great power is in man,
 Who his own harms not hinder can ?

Again, if that in Dignities
 Any essential good there lies,
 The wicked could not them attain :
 For these are rules that are certain,
Things naturally contrary,
And things oppos'd cannot agree.

Since bad men then we see oft-time
Unto these dignities to climbe,
We may affirm in them to be
No good, they do so well agree.
So may be put on the same score
The rest of Fortune's goodly store ;
For that most often they them share
Who of all men most wicked are.
These things may be consider'd too :

*They valiant are, valiantly doe ;
Who's swift, we nimble-footed call ;
And Musick makes men musicall ;
Physick Physicians, a sweet tongue
To Rhetoricians does belong.*

*Nature gives all in all respects
What's proper, not contrar' effects.
And in all things that are her due
All opposition does eschew.*

But Wealth can't Avarice repell ;
Nor Power make him not to swell,
Whom vicious lusts do strongly bind
In fetters not to be untwin'd.

And Dignities which bad men gain
Make them not worthy, but the stain
Of their unworthiness does show.

That this is so, we come to know
Because to things a name you rear
Which their effects will no way bear.
For these are neither Wealth, nor Might,
Nor Dignities so call'd of right :

But

But if their right names they do bear,
 They are Vexations, Trouble, Care.
 Lastly, who's wise the like concludes
 Of all false Fortune's interludes,
 In which, as it is manifest,
 There's nothing good, nought that makes blest :
 Which neither to good men are sent,
 Nor make them good to whom they'r lent.

*What ruines did he make
 that Rome did fire,
 The Fathers brought to stake,
 and to aspire
 His Brother's blond caus'd spill,
 Mother to dy,
 That he might gaze his fill
 where he did ly !
 Ah ! cruel sure was he,
 without a tear
 Her intrails torn could see
 that did him bear.
 Yet this man did bear sway
 from the Sun's rise,
 Unto where ends the day
 i' th' western skies ;
 From where congeal'd to ice
 men wine do eat,
 To where the world not nice
 stark naked treat.*

And

*And would this power vast
his mind assuage ?*

*No ; he with sword did wast,
with poison rage.*

Thou know'st, said I, Ambition ne're
To worldly greatness did me rear.
But being stor'd with Learning, I
Thought fit in silence not to dy.
Then she repli'd, This is the thing
That oftentimes great wits does bring
(E'en such as at high vertue aime)
To hazard all on Fortune's game.
Desire of Glory and high place
Puts on a seeming lovely face :
But how they vile, nay nothing are,
By what I'll show will plain appear.

First then, by demonstrations all
Which we call Astrologically,
'Tis plain, to heaven's vast extent
The whole Earth's bulk is but a point,
So small, that to the Globe if we
Compar't, it nothing seems to be.
Of this small point not the fourth part
(Well known by Geometrick art)
With living creatures planted is.
From whence take Lakes, and Bogs, and Seas :
Consider this, thou wilt find then
There's scarce an atome left for Men.

Then

Then if of this small point thou art
 Shut up within the smallest part,
 How poor a thing is thirst of Fame,
 Or perpetrating of a Name?
 Or how can Glory great be found
 Coop't up within so narrow bound?

Next let us adde this one thing more,
 This little point is fill'd with store
 Of Nations, who all are at strife
 In manners, language, course of life:
 'Mongst whom Fame is not greatly spread,
 'Cause commerce is prohibited,
 Travel is hardly undergone,
 And to be tongue-ty'd's vexation.
 Then for a single Man a name
 To get, is hard, when Towns want fame.
Tully in his time does relate,
 The fame of *Rome* was not dilate
 Beyond mount *Caucasus*, yet she
 Then the World's Mistress seem'd to be.
 Thou then dost see how straight and poor
 The glory is thou labour'st for.
 That fame, dost think, *Rome* could not gain,
 One *Roman* should to it attain?
 Besides, as Nations divers are,
 Their Laws and manners differ far:
 For what one people think worth praise,
 Another with chastisement paies.
 So that whoever takes delight
 In Fame's high busie-winged flight,

(Which in most Countries can't have vent,)

Let home-spread glory him content.

That Fame call'd Immortality

Must in one Nation tether'd be.

More famous men forgot have dy'd

Then are by Writers dignifi'd.

Or can Records eternize men?

No; Time consumes Writers and them.

But you immortal call that same

Which is indeed but future fame.

Consider but th'infinity,

Of ever-blest'd Eternity,

And you will find the joy you seek

Is not a mote in a bright week.

Ten thousand Years let be the case,

With it compare one Moment's space;

Yet definite both spaces are,

Though small, they some proportion bear.

Then multiply this manifold,

Yet no comparison will hold.

Finite things 'mong themselves may be

Compar'd, not with Infinity.

Then though that time do fame long spare,

It with Eternity compare,

Thou'lt find it is not only small,

But seemeth not to be at all.

But you think nought can you commend,

If vulgar praise don't it attend.

Conscience nor Vertue you regard;

From vulgar mouths you seek reward.

Learn how he truly did deride
 One swell'd with this vain-glorious Pride.
Injuriously he did contend
With one who Vertue did pretend,
Call'd himself a Philosopher :
And now, said he, it shall appear
Whether that name you rightly use,
And more and more did him abuse.
All which he patiently did bear,
Seeming no whit for it to care.
At last insultingly said he
Now that 'tis true you plainly see.
But bitinglly he did reply,
Thy foolish tongue does thee descry.
 But at what is't brave men do aime,
 Such as by Vertue only claim?
 (For these are only worth my breath)
 What is't that they gain after death?
 For if (the which we credit not)
 Men in the Grave do wholly rot,
 No Glory sure the Grave retains,
 If nought of him whose 'tis remains.
 Bu if a soul unspotted, free
 From this Earth's prison upward flee,
 Enjoying Heaven, she'l despise
 All earthly fought-for vanities.

Who headlong does
upon vain-glory run,

And does suppose
chief Good to build thereon,
Let him behold
the spacious Heaven fair,
And the pinfold
of Earth with it compare :
And if with Fame
this spot he cannot fill,
He will with shame
condemn his towering will.
Why should fond Pride
its self aim for to free
From that which try'd
no mortal man can be ?
Though Fame do fly
to Regions far remote,
With titles high ;
death Glory values not.
But high and low
suffer alike Death's groans.
Who now can show
Faithful Fabricius bones ?
Where's Brutus wit,
and rigid Cato's care ?
In some small script
'tis only said, they were.
Then by Records
a Name is only shown,
A toy of words,
the Man lies still unknown.

*But thee to quell,
if thus to live thou chuse,
Let me thee tell,
a second Death pursues.*

But lest that thou shouldst think that I
Am Fortune's utter enemy ;
I'll grant there is a time that she
Deserves of men esteem'd to be ,
When she her self does open lay.
Well understand me what I say :
For 'tis a wonder I relate,
The which I scarce can explicate.
To be great truth I do averre,
Then Good, Bad Fortune's better far.
For She deceives most certainly
In promising Felicity :
But This does Fortune truly show
Inconstant , changing to and fro.
She falsly cheating men does fool ;
But This presides in wisdom's school,
She does mens minds in fetters bind,
Falsly pretending to be kind ;
But This from bondage sets them free
By making known th' uncertainty.
So One you see to be a blast,
The Other sober and stedfast :
One foolishly deceiv'd with lies,
The Other grown by practice wise.

In fine, the Happy man still straits
From the direct into by-waies :
Whereas the Other to the right
Reduces men by a clear light.
And dost thou think it a small thing,
That this harsh fortune thee does bring
To know who faithful is to thee,
Discovers false friends treachery ?
She parting, with her goes her train ;
But thy true friends do still remain.
This to have known at how dear rate
Would'st thou have bought when fortunate ?
Then leave to moan that thou hast lost
Thy Wealth, since thou canst truly boast
That thou thy faithful Friends canst tell,
Which does all Treasure far excell.

*Constant though, the world
Change does evermore ;
Seeds i'th' earth though hurl'd,
Forc'd are to restore ;
Phœbus to make Day
Riding gloriously,
Phœbe for to sway,
The small light o'th' sky ;
Seas bounded to be,
Though the Earth above :
This rare Concord he
Made that is all Love.*

Let him loose the rein,
 All things Love combine,
 Hurry do amain
 To warres intestine :
 Social Loves are lost
 Which fair order keep,
 And the World is tofs'd
 As Ships in the deep.
 People joyn'd in peace,
 He for them does care :
 Farris he makes to cease
 'Twixt the Married pair.
 Laws he does prescribe,
 Binding faithfull friends,
 Which them fairly guide
 Unto honest ends.
 Happy are they sure
 That thus guided are
 By that Love so pure
 Guides the Heavens fair.

THE
THIRD BOOK.

HER Song did so much ravish me,
 That stupefy'd I seem'd to be.
 But recollecting, O thou blest,
 Said I, reducer unto rest !

How have these thy instructions free
And pleasant singing cherish'd me?
So that henceforth I think I shall
Fell Fortune's strokes not fear at all.
And those Remedies the which thou
Both harsh and bitter call'dst but now,
I do not henceforth hate to prove,
But cordially I them do love.
Then she reply'd, When I did find
That thou didst my instructions mind,
Then did I know thou wouldst comply
Not onl' in form, but seriously.
Those which remain that nature bear,
Tasted they bite, sweet swallow'd are.
But that which thee does now invite
With so much pleasure and delight,
How much wouldst thou it more intend
If thou the scope didst comprehend?
Why, what's the final drift? said I.
What? *perfect true Felicity*;
Which thou dost dream for to attain,
But cheated art with fancies vain.
Then I reply'd, I th' humbly pray
Me this to shew without delay.
Most willingly I will, said she:
But first I must declare to thee
Things contrary, that thou thereby
Might know *true Bliss* more perfectly.

Who

*Who will a good Ground till,
All Weeds he first must kill,
And then most certainly
He shall grow rich thereby.
Who sweet would tast, he must
His palate first disgust.
Starrs then do shine most bright
When darkeſt is the Night.
And when Morn does appear
The Sun does shine most clear.
So thou from darkneſs free,
Most clearly then wilt ſee;
Dark Error laid aſide,
Bright Truth will be thy guide.*

Then ſhe a while did fix her eye,
Her thoughts retiring inwardly.
At laſt, O how are men, ſhe ſaid,
With many cares diſquieted?
All ſeveral waies do play their game,
Yet all at the ſame End do aime;
That is, *chief Good*, which I define
To be *Man's ultimate deſign*:
The which indeed the *chief Good* is,
All others being compris'd in this
But if in all it don't agree,
The chiefest Good it cannot be;
For that there's ſomething left without
The which may cauſe deſire and doubt.

By

By which 'tis evidently shown,
Chief Good has all Perfection.
This for to get, men sev'rally,
As I have said, themselves apply :
To which mens minds most certainly
Have natural propensity ;
But Error makes men to esteem
What is not such, so such it seem.
So Plenty some esteem the ground,
Thence toyl in Riches to abound.
Others high Honours and great Place,
Not spoke to, but, *If't please your Grace.*
Others with Power and Command
To rule do love, or near to stand.
But who of Fame make most account,
In Peace and War seek to surmount.
Many in Mirth *chief Good* would find ;
These to all Pleasures are inclin'd.
There are which seek for to acquire
All these with different desire.
As some do Riches love, only
That Power and Pleasure they may buy.
Some Power seek, thereby to gain
Great Riches or a lasting Name.
To these or other the like end
All humane actions do intend :
As Honour or a pop'lar name,
Thereby for to advance a fame ;
A Wife and Children pleasure bring.
But Friendship's such a holy thing,

Not to be nam'd in Fortune's throng,
To Vertue only't does belong.
All other things do men invite
For Power, or else for Delight.
All goods o'th' Body easily
To what is said referr'd may be.
As Strength and all proportions fair
An active body do declare :
Beauty and bold Activity
Do give Renown ; Health, Jollity.
By all which, all may plainly see,
All men do seek *Felicity*.
For what each man does most preferre,
That his *chief Good* he does declare.
But we *chief Good* define to be
Beatitude. Then blest is he
(At least so to himself does seem)
Enjoys what he does most esteem.
Lo then what 'tis that does express
The All of humane Happiness ;
Wealth, Honour, Power, Glory, Pleasure.
Which only by the Epicure
Consider'd, made him to decree
Pleasure his *chiefest Good* to be ;
For that from's mind each other state
Seem'd all delight to alienate.
But to mens studies I'll revert,
Which though they do their minds pervert,
Yet still *chief Good* is the design.
But as a man o'recome with wine

Cannot find his direct way home ;
So Self-conceit them overcome.
But how can they be said to erre,
Who nor to want do endeavour ?
For is there any state more blest
Then that with *Plenty* is posselt,
Which not on others does depend,
And which its own self can defend ?
Or can those men be said to erre,
Who still the best things do preferre ?
No ; for can that an ill be thought
Which by all mortal men is sought ?
Must Power not be counted good ?
Must feeble it be understood
Which does all other things surmount ?
Must Fame too be of no account ?
Why , all men must acknowledge this,
What most excells most famous is.
I were a fool, if I should tell
This Blessedness does so excell,
That it nor trouble has nor care,
Nor subject is to grief or fear ;
When smallest things for to acquire
That bring delight, men do desire.
Hence 'tis they Riches do procure,
Power, Rule, Glory, and Pleasure ;
That by these things they may obtain
Respect, Delight, and splendid Fame.
That it is Good then it is plain,
That men do hunt with so much pain.

To which how Nature does impell,
Demonstratively all may tell ;
Since though to various studies bent,
In this End, *Good*, they all consent.

*Kind Nature the whole World does guide,
With Gordian knot does bind,
Does certain Laws for it provide,
Which now to warble is my mind.*

*Although the Libyan Lions are
With easie fetters bound,
And take their meat at hand, and fear
Their angry Master's whip and frown :*

*Yet if they once do tast of gore,
their nature then is seen ;
They hideously do yell and roar,
And tear the ground, and fiercely grin..*

*Then scorning both the whip and call,
themselves they do unty, ---
And on their Masters they do fall,
Tearing them piecemeal greedily.*

*The Bird us'd on the trees to sing,
if he in cage be penn'd,
Though best of dainties you him bring,
Yet to his nature he will bend.*

*And if that once he do get out,
and in the woods be free,*

*All your enticements he will flout,
And chant his tunes melodiously.*

*If that by force a tender Plant
be made to ground to bend,
Do you but once let loose your hand,
It upward presently will tend.*

*The Sun each night falls in the West,
yet still he does return,
Leaving all mortals to their rest,
Till he again salutes the Morn.*

*All things oblig'd are by this law,
and joy thereto to bend;
All do a perfect circle draw,
Joyn their beginning with their end.*

So faintly you, O sons of Earth,
Yet truly fancy your first birth;
And the true ends of *Bliss* foretold,
Though darkly, in each thought behold.
Nature to good all men does lead,
But various Error does mislead.
Consider if the course men tend
Can bring them perfect *Bliss* i'th' end.
For if that Wealth or Honour can,
Or ought like, make a happy man,
Then we'l confess they happy are
Who do of these get greatest share.

But

But if that they their promise scant,
If much of what is good they want,
Do they not openly confess
They bring but a *false Happiness*?
First thee I will interrogate,
Who didst with Wealth abound of late.
With all that Wealth didst ever find
Thou couldst possess a quiet Mind?
'Tis true; my Mind was never free,
But something still did trouble me.
Was it not 'cause thou couldst not have
Something thy Lust or Will did crave;
Or else because thou couldst not get
Rid of what fain thou wouldst be quit?
'Tis true, said I. Then the presence
Of this thou sought'st, of that th' absence.
I do confess't. And does not he
Want who still does desire? said she.
'Tis true, said I. Then she reply'd,
Who wants can't for himself provide.
Why no, said I. And thou when rich
Didst suffer this tormenting itch.
I did. It seems that Wealth then can't
Or give sufficient, or bar want.
Yet this it promis'd. Nay, what's worse,
Mony in'ts nature has that curse,
That none to keep it has the skill,
But 'twill away against his will.
I it confess. How can'st deny't,
When daily it is forc'd by might?

Hence

Hence 'tis so many are out-law'd
For Monies kept by might or fraud.
'Tis true. Then Wealth does want, said she;
And to be kept must guarded be.
I grant. But none this guard would have
Were't not his Money for to save.
No doubt. The case is alter'd then:
For whereas Wealth was thought by men
Sufficient all things to upbraid,
It self does want another's aid.
But is there any means that may
This Want from Riches drive away?
Can *Hunger*, Wealth, or *Thirst* endure?
Or *Winter's Cold* can Riches cure?
Yes, Wealth has power, you will say,
Thirst, *Hunger*, *Cold* to drive away.
'Tis true, thus Wealth may bring supply
To *Want*, but not make't not to be.
If *Want* with *Wealth* must be supply'd,
And never will be satisfy'd;
If *Want* do alwaies gape and crave,
Wealth is to *Want* a very slave.
A little Nature will suffice,
But there's no bound to Covetise.
Then if that *Wealth* can't *Want* confound,
Nay if that *Wealth* makes *Want* abound,
What Devil is't posselles thee,
To think *Wealth* has sufficiency?

Though

*Though the Rich man
With Gold abound,
Yet no Wealth can
Desier bound.
Though rich adorn'd
With nations spoil,
Hundred beeves horn'd
Do till his soil;
Yet Care will still
Oppress his mind:
So makes his Will,
Leaves all behind.*

But Dignity does this afford,
Makes honourable and ador'd :
And Magistrates no power want
To root out Vice, and Vertue plant.
But they do not Vice abrogate,
But Vices more accumulate.
Whence 'tis that we do oft misprise
The wicked that to Greatness rise.
Catullus Nonius Scab did call,
Though plac'd i'th' chair Magisterial:
Dost thou not see how Dignity
Does adde unto the infamy
Of wicked men, which less would show
If Honours did not make it grow?
Thou didst refuse to be elate
Unto the glorious Chair of state,

If *Decorate* were with thee joyn'd,
When thou didst see his sordid mind.
For Honours we can't him respect
Who of himself deserves neglect.
But if a man with Wisdome we
And Goodness do replenish'd see,
We give him all the honours due
To sacred Wisdome and Vertue ;
In whom alone it is innate
Her goodnessees to propagate.
Which worldly Honours cannot doe,
For that no proper good they ow.
Again, if that a gen'ral scorn
Does make men sordid and forlorn,
Then Honours that don't bring Respect,
Must bring Contempt and fore neglect.

If Honours make men evil fare,
Bad men with Honours even are,
While they the Honours do defile.
But further, listen yet awhile,
And thou shalt see this painted place
Can give small comfort, no true grace.
'Mong the *Barbarians* let be seen
A man that oft has Consul been,
They won't with reverence 'bout him throng :
But if to th' place it did belong,
It would not cease the same to be
In any Nation or Countrey ;
As Fire is in all parts Fire.
But for their Worth does rise no higher

Then

Then what Opinion does it give,
 It therefore can no longer live,
 When it does come for to be seen
 'Mongst them who Honours don't esteem.
 And do they any better fare
 At home, whence they derived are?
 The Præfectship of old had power,
 Now but a Name and burthen sour.
 Who for the people did provide,
 Was much esteem'd, now vilify'd;
 For that some bad men were accus'd,
 That they that honour had abus'd.
 But as before I have made known,
 That Honour proper good has none,
 But from Opinion takes repute,
 As men the same do execute:
 If Honours then don't give respect,
 If ev'ly us'd they cause neglect,
 If change of times do them deface,
 And if Opinion them disgrace,
 If in themselves no beauty be,
 What pleasure can they give to thee?

*Though Nero fell,
 Proud and cruell,
 his body did adorn
 With Tyrian silk,
 Stones white as milk,
 he was the people's scorn.*

*Though he did grace
Proud men with place
the Senate to keep under,
Yet for to guesse,
Honours could bleſs
by him beſtow'd, 's a wonder.*

Can Kingdoms then make men be great?
Or can King's favours men elate?
Why not, if they would alwaies be?
But theſe to change we oft do ſee.
Times paſt and preſent do ſhew clear
To Miſery Kings ſubject are.
Is not that Power then moſt vain
Which its own ſelf cannot ſuſtain?
And if that Kingdoms make men bleſt,
Of it the loſs does them deſteſt.
Nay, if in Rule they are confin'd,
Why, that brings trouble to their mind.
There is no univerſal Crown,
The vaſteſt Kingdom has a bound:
Where others power does it pin,
There does anxiety begin,
And makes them hapleſs; by which count
Kings *ill* their *good* does far ſurmout.
The which a Tyrant having try'd,
Great Princes fears he did deride,
By pointing down a Sword i'th' aire,
Hung by a ſlender threatning hair.

Is not then Power a fine thing,
That can't of fear remove the sting?
Who would, but can't, securely rest,
How by their Power are they blest?
And wouldst not thou that Power upbraid
Which would, but cannot, be obey'd?
Canst thou him mighty think to be,
Who if not guarded is not free;
Who, though to him they reverence bear,
Yet he of them stands still in fear;
Who with great Power to be grac'd,
I'th' hands of Servants must be plac'd?

And can Kings favours any save,
When Kingdoms so much weakneis have?
These, oft disfavour do throw down,
And oft they perish with the Crown.
Think but how *Seneca* once fell,
Whom cruel *Nero* did compell
To chuse his death; yet he had bin
Both Friend and Master unto him.
And did not *Antoninus* send
His Souldiers for to make an end
Of *Papinianus*, whom before
He favour'd, Courtiers did adore?
Both these their Power would have quit;
And *Seneca* (if he'd thought fit)
His wealth to *Nero* had resign'd,
And privately himself confin'd.
But Greatness did them both destroy,
Nor a poor wish could they enjoy.

Is not then Power a fine thing,
 Which Fear to th' owner still does bring ;
 Which is not safe to be enjoy'd,
 Nor laid aside can harms avoid ?
 What trust in such a Friend can be
 Who only courts Prosperity ?
 If Adverse fortune comes, then he
 Of Friend soon proves an Enemy.
 What greater plague can *Pluto* send,
 Then the feign'd smiles of a false Friend ?

*Who would be Great must his own Passions rule,
 Must not submit himself to be
 By Lusts inthrall'd, that should be free.
 Though he commands from Inde to farthest Thule,
 Yet if Care conquer him and plaints,
 He subject is, and Power wants.*

How false and filthy too is Fame !
 Which made the Tragick Bard exclaim,
*O Glory, Glory, for thy hire
 Thou'rt curs'd by those did thee desire.*
 For many men have gain'd a Name
 By vulgar, false-opinion'd Fame :
 Then which what can more base appear,
 When they must blush their praise to hear ?
 But though the people true Worth sing,
 What to a Wise man does this bring,

Who

Who seeks not good by pop'lar fame,
But a good Conscience makes his aime?
Then if a Name to propagate
Men purchase would at so great rate;
They sure would think't great injury
Should not this Name extended be.
But, as before I have declar'd,
From many Nations is debarr'd
A private Fame: nay more, what here
Praise-worthy is, is slighted there.
But I this windy pop'lar Fame
Do not think worthy for to name,
Which without judgment is up blown,
And lasts not to be call'd ones own.
And now who is't that does not see
How vain a thing's Nobility,
Whose Glory, if we rightly weigh,
Is not his own does it enjoy?
Nobility that is not new,
Is praise that is to Parents due.
If Praise it be that Fame does give,
They who are prais'd in Fame do live.
Then if thy own Worth thee don't praise,
Another's Worth cannot thee raise.
Which since 'tis so, the good that is
In Nobleness is only this;
That he that's born of high estate,
Is bound not to degenerate.

*All humane kind living,
From one beginning spring,
One governs eve'ry thing,
the Father high.*

*He made the Sun so bright,
To th' horned Moon gave light,
Made Earth of Men the site,
set Starres i'th' sky.*

*In Man he, him to grace,
A heavenly Soul did place;
So of a noble race
all mortals are.*

*From whence then is this cry,
I'me born of Parents high?
Each man i'th' Deity*

*has equal share,
Unless that he with vices base and foul
Degrade his noble high-descended Soul.*

*Of Luxury what shall I say,
Whose appetite bears greatest sway?
Yet not without anxiety,
And 's curs'd in the satiety.
What sad diseases does it bring?
What horrid pains do from it spring,
As 'twere the fruits that it does bear?
I skill not in these pleasures rare.
But all shall find, them don't refrain,
That Pleasure's end is certain pain.*

And

And if that these can make men blest,
I see no cause t'exclude the Beast.
Who wholly does himself apply
These Pleasures for to satisfy.
But of all Pleasures of this Life,
The best is Children with a Wife.
Yet feelingly one did repeat,
My Children are my torments great.
There's no Condition this can free,
Thou long hast try'd it true to be.
That saying of *Enripides*
I do acknowledge me does please,
Who did proclaim *Sterility*
A happy Infelicity.

*All Pleasure has this great malignity,
To wound and to torment who have it: had,
like to the Bee,
Who having lost her Honey does grow mad,
And stings and swells the robbers, though she dy.*

Then fuerly there is no doubt
But who goes this way, does goe out
Of's way to Blessedness, nor can
These *Goods* him render Happy man.
Nay, these are *Ills*, I'll briefly shew.
Dost thou endeavour *Rich* to grow?
Thou from another it must gain.
Wouldst thou to *Dignities* attain?

Thou

Thou must beseech the giver's grace,
And to excell, thy self debase.
Dost thou desire *Power* to have?
Thou mak'st thy self to plots a slave.
If thou great *Glory* do procure,
Envy thee renders unsecure.
Wouldst thou a life of *Pleasure* lead?
Who would not *Luxury* down tread,
And think it base to have his Mind
To so base service be confin'd?
And who the bodie's *Beauty* prize,
How build they on uncertainties?
Can they the bulk o'th' Elephant,
Bull's strength, or Tiger's swiftness vaunt?
See Heaven's firmness, space, and fire,
Then leave these low things to admire.
Nor yet are these worth thy least thought
With him compared that them wrought.
Then Beauty is but a frail thing,
More fading then the Flower i'th' Spring.
Of which learn'd *Aristotle* cries,
If one could see with Lynceus eyes,
And with those eyes could penetrate
The intrails nasty sordid state,
The fair-fram'd Alcibiades
Would the beholder nothing please.
Thou canst not then thy Nature prize,
But the infirm beholders eyes.
But of thy Body be as proud
Thou canst wish, so't be allow'd

That

That three daies Fever can destroy
The thing in which you so much joy.
From which we briefly may collect,
These *Goods* which promise such respect,
Nor can their promise keep, nor show
That they do any goodness ow;
So that they men nor bring to rest,
Nor are at all, men by them blest.

*O how does Ignorance
Erroneous waies advance!
You seek not Trees for Gold,
Nor Vines for Crystals cold:
You do not climb a Hill
Fishes with nets to kill,
Nor go to th' Ocean clear,
To hunt the Fallow-deer.
You careful are to know
The times of ebbe and flow;
And in what coasts are bred
White Pearls, where Corral red;
What part o'th' Sea the Fin,
What Shel-fish does ly in.
But what you most should mind,
Chief Good, in that y'are blind:
And seek for that below,
Which 'bove the Starrs does grow.
They're curst not to be wise,
Who Wealth and Honour prize;*

Which

*Which when with pain they've got,
Then Goods they know they're not.*

The forms of *false Felicity*
As yet I've only shew'd to thee ;
Which if that thou do clearly know,
I will *true Bliss* now to thee show.
I see, said I, that no Wealth can
Sufficient be for any man ;
No Kingdoms, howsoever great,
Can give a Power that's compleat ;
No Dignities, full Reverence ;
Nor Glory, wish'd for Eminence :
No Pleasures can give *Perfect Bliss*.
Know'st thou the causes of all this ?
Methinks I see a glimmering :
But you a clearer light may bring.
The reason's plain ; for that 'tis try'd
That *humane Error* does divide
What's simple, perfect, and what's true,
And it to Falshood gives as due.
Dost thou think *what's* in nothing scant,
That the *same thing* can power want ?
Why no, said I, Thou think'st then right :
For if in ought it want full might,
In that 'tis of necessity
It must by others succour'd be.
That's true. Then the condition
Of *Power* and *Enough's* all one.

So't seems. What think'st thou then? is't fit
To slight this, or to honour it?

Why, it to honour, there's no doubt,
Since best of things it brings about.

Why then, unto *Sufficiency*
And *Power* let's adde *Dignity*,
And then these three but one appear.
We must it adde, if truth we'le hear.

And now, said she, think'st thou that this
Obscure and base, or famous is?

Consider too (since you do grant
That is most *glorious* nought does want,)
Whether this *Glory* do want *Fame*,
Which to it self it cannot frame,
And so does seem to come below.

I must needs grant it *Famous* too.

Why then, in this we must agree,
Fame differs not from th'other three.

We must. Then that which nought does want,
That which in *Power* is not scant,
That which has *Fame* and *Glory* high, -
That is *most pleasant* certainly.

But see, said I, I no way can,
How *Grief* should seise on such a man.
No; by what's said, we must confess
That man does *perfect joy* possess.

And this too's of necessity.
Power, *Fame*, *Respect*, *Sufficiency*,
And *Pleasure*, have a sev'ral name,
But all in substance are the same.

'Tis true, 'tis of necessity.
Then this you'l grant, man's pravity
Divideth what is simple, pure :
Which while he strives for to procure
By part, the which no parts contains,
Nor whole nor part to him remains.
How's this ? said I. Who *Wealth* would have,
Flies *Want*, but *Power* does not crave ;
• Had rather live obscure and vile,
From all delights himself exile,
Then part with what he cannot hold,
His dear-beloved darling, Gold.
But by these means, most certainly,
No man can have *Sufficiency* ;
Whom *Power* leaves, or *Cares* molest,
Or *Baseness* hides, can have no rest.
Again, who would to *Power* rise,
Wastes *Wealth*, and *Glory* does despise ;
And without *Power*, *Honour* too
Nor *Pleasures* can at all him woe.
And yet when he has all his will,
There's many things he wanteth still.
Sometimes he *Necessaries* wants,
Sometimes is vext with *Cares* and *Plaints* ;
Of which since he can't rid his mind,
He wants that *Power* he design'd.
With the same reason we may measure
All *Honour*, *Clarity*, and *Pleasure*.
For since that ev'ry one's the same
With all the rest, he is to blame

Does

Does unto any one aspire,
Losing thereby his own desire.
What then? said I. If one address
Himself to all, can they him bleis?
No, we have shew'd they cannot doe't,
Since they their promise can't make good.
Nor can they *Bliss* bring to effect,
Since each has singly his respect.
I do confess that nothing can
Then this be truer taught to man.
The causes then and form, said she,
Thou see'st of *false Felicity*.
Now bend thy mind but contrary,
And thou *true Bliss* shalt soon espy.
When thou the causes of *false Bliss*
Didst open, thou didst then clear this.
For if I rightly construe thee,
That's *perfect, true Felicity*,
Which does sufficient render, and
Gives *Pleasure, Fame, Respect, Command*.
Further to make it plain to sight,
That I do understand thee right;
I do acknowledge that which shall
Doe truly one, performs them all:
And then no doubt but this must be
True, perfect, full Felicity.
O happy thou that dost think so,
If one thing more thou'lt adde thereto!
What's that? said I. Dost think there is
In mortal things this *perfect Bliss*?

Why

Why no, said I; for thou hast made
It out so plain more can't be said.
Why then these things but represent
The image of *true Good*, but can't
Conferre this *perfect Good* on men.
I do agree, I answer'd then.
Since that thou then hast so much gain'd,
To know *true Good* from what is feign'd,
Of all remains this is the summe,
To know from whence this *Good* does come.
Why, that from thee I do expect.
On *Plato* then I must reflect,
Who taught, for things that least do weigh
We ought the Heavenly Aide to pray:
What then dost think is fit to doe
The *sovereign Good* to come unto?
We must our praiers to him address,
Who does all good beginnings bless.
Thou rightly hast advis'd, said she;
Then sung this Song melodiously.

O thou that dost with Reason high
all things in order guide,
Thou whose bright Throne's above the sky,
Yet govern'st all the world beside:
Thou from all time mak'st Time to flow,
Yet thou dost still remain;
A Thou giv'st to all things here below
Alternate courses, joy and pain.

No cause external thee did move
this mighty work to frame :
Only from thy internal Love,
From envy free, it freely came.

Th'examples of all things that are
thou from above didst bring :
For thou that art the fairest Fair,
To thy fair Mind form'dst ev'ry thing,
Commanding perfect All to be,
Perfect to be each Part ;
Making the Elements to agree
Which Nature does so widely part.

Thou joyn'st the Moisture with the Flame;
the Water with the Earth ;
Lest that the Fier all should tame,
And Earth should not bring forth its birth.

Thou in fit stations order'd hast
the Soul that all does move ;
And so adaptly hast it plac'd,
Its threefold nature joyns in love.

Which Soul two several Orbs does sway;
them rouls with motion round,
Winding about to its first way,
Circles the Mind'bove all profound.

By th' same command this Soul it drives
Celestial motions all,
Gives being to the lesser lives,
And fosters all things on this Ball.

'Bove all thou dost in chariots high
our Souls cause for to ride ;
Making some fit to pierce the sky,
Whiles others things terrestriall guide.

The which, when they have run their round,
by thy command benign,
With thy eternal fier crown'd
They back to thee return agin.

Blest Father, to thy glorious Throne
let my dull mind ascend:
Thou that the fountain art alone
Of Good, grant I behold the end.

And when that I have found this Light,
grant that on thee I may
My mind fast fix with cleared sight,
Casting all earthly things away.

Surround me with thy splendid Raies :
for rest I thee attend,
For which all pious men thee praise,
Who art Beginning, Way, and End.

Now that the forms are understood
Of perfect, and imperfect Good ;
I think it reason for to shew
In what this perfect Good does grow.
In which we first ought to enquire,
Whether that Nature can acquire

Such Good as is before defin'd ;
Lest, contrary to what's design'd,
We be deceived with a show
Of Truth and Knowledge, nothing so.
But that there is, none can deny,
A fountain of *Felicity*.
For whatsoe're *imperfect* is,
'Tis but what does *Perfection* miss.
Whence follows, if in any kind
Something *imperfect* we do find,
In it then of necessity
Something that's *perfect* there must be.
For where *Perfection* there is none,
There can be no *Imperfection*.
Nor from a lame *imperfect* thing
Does Nature her beginning bring ;
But from what *perfect* is in all
She does into *defection* fall.
Which if 't be so, as I've made plain,
That there's *imperfect*, brittle, vain
Felicity of *Good*, then who
Can doubt but there is *perfect* too ?
Most rightly thou conclud'st, 'tis so.
But where it dwells, said she, thus know.
The common thought of humane kind
Does prove that the most heavenly Mind,
Which over all things does preside,
Is good ; nor can it be deni'd :
For then God better who can guess,
Then whom there better nothing is ?

So Reason, that does evidence
That *God* is *good*, makes plain to sense
That he is *perfect*; for else he
Could not of all things ruler be.
Something there is would him excell,
In whom *true perfect Good* does dwell:
Which must more ancient be also;
For *perfect* things we all do know
Before *imperfect* were: so then
In infinitum we must run,
Unless that we do God confess
To be replenish'd with *Goodness*.
But we before concluded this,
What's *perfect Good*, that is *true Bliss*:
Therefore 'tis of necessity
True Bliss in the high God should be.
This is so strong a truth, said I,
None can gainsay it certainly.
But mark, I pray thee, then said she,
How thou approv'st inviolably
That the high God we did profess
To be replenish'd with *Goodness*.
How's that? said I. Thou dost not sure
Presume that this same Father pure
Did so receive this *chief Goodness*,
With the which he replenish'd is,
That it from any other came:
Nor dost thou think but 'tis the same
To be God, who hath this *Goodness*,
And the thing had, *true Blessedness*.

For if that God did it receive,
He's better sure that did it give.
But we do worthily confess
God all things does excell, all blefs.
But since of God we now do treat,
If Goodness have in him a seat
By nature from a diverse cause,
If he obeys another's laws,
Let him who can bring forth to light,
Who did these diverse things unite.
Lastly, whatever thing is divers
Cannot be that from which it differs.
Wherefore what from the *chiefest Good*
To differ may be understood,
In its own nature's not the same ;
Which wicked were of God to name,
Then whom there nothing better is.
For nought can better be then his
Beginning ; which if understood,
Then God to be the *chiefest Good*
(Who is the first substantially)
We may conclude most certainly.
'Tis true, said I. But I did press
That *chiefest Good* was *Happiness*.
You did. Then *God* we must confess
Is th' only *real Happiness*.
By thy first precepts I did gain,
But these have made them far more plain.
Thus then more firm I'll make't appear :
Two soveraign *Goods* that different are

Cannot subsist, for that 'tis plain
That *two Goods* cannot be the same ;
So we must neither *perfect* grant,
While one *Good* does the other want.
And what not *truly perfect* is,
That cannot be the *chief Goodness*.
Wherefore the *chiefest Good*, we see,
Not possibly can diverse be.
But we the *chiefest Good* averre
God and *Beatitude* both are :
Then that the *highest Bliss* must be
That is the *high'st Divinity*.
Nothing is in it self more true,
Nothing more firmly can accrew
To Reason, nothing said can be
More worthy *God's* high Majesty.
Farther, as *Geometricians* use
All kind of knowledge to refuse
But what their Propositions
Inferre by Demonstrations ;
So I will this same give to thee
As it were a Corollary.
As men by gaining Blessedness,
Do gain thereby what does them bless,
And Bliss is high Divinity ;
Then who gets this does get to be,
As it is plain and manifest,
Thereby most happy and most blest.
As men by justice just are said,
By Wisdome men are Wise men made ;

So likewise of necessity

Men Gods are by Divinity.

Then who does gain this Blessedness,

He then a God can be no less.

I, but there can but one God be.

That's true in nature verily ;

But yet there may be more then one

By God's participation.

Call you this a Corollary ?

A precious one it is, said I.

But there is one more precious yet,

Which Reason does perswade to knit.

What's that ? said I. Since it seems plain

That Blis does many things contain,

Whether all these do conjugate

In Parts to make this *Blessed state* ;

Or one Part of them does compleat,

For all the rest, this *Blis* so great.

I would, said I, that thou wouldst clear

These things more in particular.

Why, we averre that *Blessedness*,

Said she, is the *chiefest Goodness*.

'Tis true, said I. The same thou may'st,

Said she, adde unto all the rest.

For it is chief Sufficiency,

Chief Power, and chief Dignity,

Chief Honour, and chief Pleasure too.

And what have all these *Goods* to doe,

This Power, and Sufficiency,

And all the rest of that degree ?

Are they but parts of *Blessedness*?
Or do they *Good* intire comprise?
I see what 'tis you go about:
But how, said I, will you make't out?
Why thus; If all these members be
Of ever-blest'd *Felicity*,
Then each from other far escarts:
For this the nature is of Parts,
Of many, one entire to frame;
But these are all one and the same.
For these indeed no members be:
For if, then this *Felicity*
Would of one member be conjoyn'd;
Which cannot be. That's true, I find:
But what remains I do desire.
'Tis plain that all things do aspire
To *Good*: therefore *Sufficiency*
Is sought, 'cause *Good* therein does ly;
And *Power*, deem'd *Good* to procure.
The same of Honour, Fame, Pleasure.
The summe and cause of all desire
Is this then, *Good* for to acquire.
For what nor *Good*, nor *Good is like*,
That has a general dislike.
And contrary, what are not so
By nature, if they make a show,
They as true *Goods* desired are.
So that the Summe, the Scope, the Care
Of whatsoe're desired is,
Must be believ'd to be *Goodness*.

For for what cause a thing is sought,
 That end to compass must be thought.
 As if a man for Health do ride,
 Though pleas'd his prauncing Horse to guide,
 Yet more th' effect, his health, does take.
 So all things sought for *Goodness* sake
 Are not themselves so much desir'd,
 As *Goodness* self, to be acquir'd.
 But we already did profess
 That same for to be *Blessedness*
 For which all other things are sought :
 That therefore they are sought, we taught.
 By which it plainly does appear,
Goodness and *Bliss* the same things are.
 I see no reason but 'tis so.
 But we did also plainly show
 That *God* and *Bliss* is the same thing.
 You did, said I. Thence then does spring,
 That *God's* whole substance placed is
 In *Goodness* self, that's perfect *Bliss*.

Come hither all you that are ta'ne
 In Lust's deceitfull wicked chain,
 Whose minds mind nought but for to gain
 things terrestriall.

Here from your labours you may rest,
 Here is a port with quiet blest,
 Here is the refuge that is best
 for wretches all.

The

*The Gold that Tagus does afford,
Nor what rich Hermus banks has stor'd,
Nor Gemms of which the Indian's lord,
the Mind can clear ;
But rather it obnubilate :
For that which here gives best estate,
And does mens minds most elevate,
from earth they tear.
In mines cannot be found that light
Which does adorn the Heavens bright,
And which does pierce with so much might
the souls impure.
Which Light to whom it shall appear,
Will his dark soul so fully clear,
That thenceforth he may justly swear
the Sun's obscure.*

With strongest Reason I agree,
All things, said I, composed be.
But how much more wouldst it esteem
If Goodness self, said she, were seen?
Why infinitely, said I then,
Because by it I God should ken,
Who Goodness is. Why this, said she,
By reasons true I'll shew to thee ;
Let but those things remain which I
Already prov'd have certainly.
They shall, said I. I've shew'd, said she,
Those things which by most sought for be

Nor *true Goods*, nor yet *perfect* are,
Because amongst themselves they jarre;
For if one from another swerve,
They cannot perfect Good preserve,
Which only then is true and right,
When in one form they do unite.
For that which is Sufficiency,
The same is Power, Dignity,
Fame, and Pleasure. If then that these
Ben't all the same, they've nought that please.
Then this a truth all must confess,
What's *discrepant* is not *Goodness*.
And if by being *one* they do
Goodness become, then it is so
That therefore they come *good* to be
By the obtaining *Unity*.
So't seems, said I. Then all that's *good*,
To be *good* by thee's understood
By *Good's* participation.
So'tis, said I. Then to be *one*,
And to be *good*, you do declare
To be the same; for those things are
Of the same substance whose effects
By nature have the same respects.
I can't deny't. Know'lt thou, said she,
That all that *is*, so long will be
As it is *one*, but perishes
When *Unity* in it does cease?
As how? said I. Why thus, said she;
In Living creatures we it see,

It does a living thing remain
While Soul and Body are the same.
But if that these asunder fall,
No longer we do so them call.
The Body too, while we it find
With all the parts in one conjoyn'd,
The humane species seems to be :
But if divided, *Unity*
Being distraught, it is no more
The thing that it appear'd before.
And so all other things we see
Are lost by losing *Unity*.
In all things I can think upon,
This is no supposition.
Why, is there any thing, said she,
That does desire naturally
To leave to be, and for to come
To nothing, or destruction ?
In Living creatures, then said I,
Who have nature's activity
To will and nill, I do not find
(Unless some outward force them bind
For to obey) any 'ntention
Of free and willing destruction.
All living things their health defend,
Shunning to come unto their end.
But what of things call'd vegetal
To think, I do not skill at all.
But this too thou may'st also know,
When Herbs and Trees thou find'st to grow

In Places for their nature fit,
Wherein if they be firmly set,
Their nature will not let them dry,
Nor but by course of Nature dy.
In Plains, on Hills, in Fens some spring ;
Others hard Rocks, some Sands forth bring :
Transplant but these, and presently
They wither do away ; and dy.
For Nature every thing does give
What's fit, and willingness to live.
And do not all these things get birth
By thrusting down their heads i'th' Earth ?
The which does nourishment infuse
To th' Root, and that does strength diffuse
To th' Stock : what part most tender is,
Within, like marrow, placed is :
The Wood, like bone, this does secure,
Then Bark to make it to endure.
Again mark Nature's carefull heed,
Who multiplies all things by Seed ;
By which she seems for to endeavour
To make them for to live for ever.
And things that are Inanimate
Seem to desire that same state
Which most does tend to their welfare.
Hence Levity does Flame up rear,
By Weight the Earth is downward prest,
For that these motions sute them best.
What does with every thing agree,
That it conserves most perfectly.

And

And things by opposition
Are brought unto destruction.
Again, what's Hard, as Stones, defend
Strongly their parts, resist their end.
What Liquid is, as Aire and Water,
As soon unite as they do scatter.
Fier does all division fly.
Nor do we now at all descry
The motions of the knowing Soul,
But the intentions natural.
Such are, how we our meat digest,
Yet not thereon do think the least.
Not knowing it, we breath in sleep.
So does the creature a force keep
Of preservation, not by th' will
O'th' Soul, but Nature's principle.
For Death, which Nature does abhorre,
Is by the Will oft pleaded for.
The Generative act again,
By which only all things remain,
Sometimes is bridled by the Will,
Though Nature do desire it still.
Wherefore this self-affection grows,
Not from the Will, but Nature's laws.
For Providence did give to all
Things that she made a natural
Desier to remain, and this
The chief cause of remaining is.
Wherefore there is no reason thou
Should'st doubt that every thing should bow,

By

By nature, up its self to bear,
And all corruption do deferre.
I now confesse I clearly see
What seem'd before incertainty.
Moreover that which does desire
To be, said she, that does aspire
To be but *one*, which away ta'ne,
Being it self will not remain.
That's true, said I. All things, said she,
Then do desier *Unity*.
This I did grant. But I said this,
One is the same that *Goodness* is.
You did. Then all things *Good* design,
Which thus we truly may define ;
Good is the thing all things desire.
Nothing, said I, can be thought higher.
For either nothing does preside ;
Or if that any thing beside
This *Unity*, all things would run
Headlong into Confusion.
And if that any thing there be
Which to arrive at all agree,
That thing must needs be understood
To be the chief of all that's good.
O how I do rejoyce, said she,
That thou this point of verity
Dost apprehend ? by this thou hast
Discover'd what before thou said'st
Thou didst not know. What's that ? my friend.
What is of all things the *true End*.

For.

For that's the thing all things desire.
And since then Good there's nothing higher,
We must ingenuously confess,
The End of all things is Goodness.

*Whoever with a knowing mind
Will seek the perfect Truth to find,
And will not be deceiv'd, nor tread
The paths that into Errour lead,
Let him look upon
His own discretion,
And bind his Notions in a round,
Let him teach his Will,
But only this skill,
With its own treasures to abound.*

*And then what lately hid did ly
In clouds of Errour, will thereby
Break into splendor far more bright
Then Phœbus in's most glorious light.*

*The thick Body's shade
As yet has not made
A full Eclipse upon the Mind:
If Learning do glow,
Seeds of Truth will grow,
While inwardly they comfort find.*

*If any one should question thee,
Couldst thou an answer make him free?
Was ever any one yet found
With Reasons light did so abound,*

Unless

*Unless God in love
Him inspir'd from 'bove;
And gave him a Prophetick strain?
Give Plato his due,
Who saies 'tis full true,
What's learn'd we can recall again.*

With *Plato* greatly I comply,
For thou into my memory
Now twice hast those instructions brought
Which I'de not known hadst thou not taught:
Once *Sickness* from me did them hide,
Nor with my grief would they abide.
Look back on what is said, said she,
And then into thy memory
Will be recalled with much ease
What not to know thou didst confess.
What's that? said I. How and which way
God does this worldly fabrick sway.
I do remember then, said I,
This same to know I did deny.
What thou in this wilt say, although
Far off I see, yet it to know
More plainly, I desire from thee
To hear exprest. Thou shalt, said she.
But lately thou didst grant to me,
God the world's Governour to be.
I did, and do it now assever,
Nor do it doubt, nor will do ever:

H

And

And I will briefly tell thee why
My Reason does with this comply.
The World that's fram'd of many a part
Could not have been reduc'd by art
Into one form, unless that *One*
Alone had made the Conjunction.
Again, though they conjoyned are,
Their natures disagree so far,
They would this Concord break again,
Unless that *One* did them contain.
Nor could Dame Nature certainly,
Keep on her course so orderly,
Nor keep her motions so direct
In time, and place, and in effect,
Unless a perfect *Unity*,
Dispos'd of this variety.
And this same *One*, whate're it be,
Which all things made, does all agree,
I by the name of *God* do call,
A name that used is by all.
Since thou of these things thus dost think,
Thou art, said she, even at the brink
Of perfect true *Felicity*,
And may'st again thy Countrey see.
But our proposals let's review.
Did we not grant *Bliss* did ensue
Sufficiency, and did confess
That *God* is that same *Blessedness*?
'Tis true we did. Why then, said she,
The World to govern wanteth he

External help ? if so, then he
Has not a full *Sufficiency*.
That cannot, said I, be deny'd.
Then he alone does all things guide.
That must by all be understood.
But *God* I shew'd to be *chief Good*.
I do remember that beside.
Then he *as Good* does all things guide;
As well as by himself, and this
Of rule the very Rudder is
Which does this worldly Vessel guide,
And safely makes all things abide.
I grant, and I before did see,
Though dimly, this sound verity.
I do believ't. But now I find
Thou dost more strictly bend thy mind
The truth to see : but I'll declare
What shall more plainly make't appear.
What's that ? said I. Since we confess
God does rule all things with *Goodness*,
And that all things to *good* incline
By nature, and not by design,
Who doubt can but they govern'd be
Not *forc'd*, but *voluntarily*,
And that each thing most freely does
To's ruler's will its self dispose ?
This to be true I do esteem ;
Nor would the guidance happy seem,
If that it should a yoke impose,
Not leave a freedom to dispose.

Then what does Nature's law obey
Goes not from God a devious way.
Why, no. And if it should, said she,
What profit could it reap thereby,
Since we most powerfull him grant,
'Cause he alone does nothing want?
Why, none. Then there's nothing which would
Or can resist this *chiefest Good*.
Nothing, I think. Why then, said she,
That the *chief Good* we must agree,
Which firmly all things govern does,
And sweetly does the same dispose.
How these results not only do
The height of Reason to me show?
But thy words placed are so right.
They give to me a high delight.
Henceforth then imprudence and folly
Will never vye with things so holy.
Hast thou not heard, said she, the tale
How Giants Heaven did assail?
But them this power did confound,
And worthily them threw to ground.
But wilt thou that I farther yet
Thy intellect with reasons whet?
By this collision there's no doubt
There will some sparks of Truth fly out.
Doe as you please. There's none, said she,
Doubts *God* Omnipotent to be.
None well in's wits. The word is so,
Omnipotent can all things doe.

That's

I. That's true. What then? *can God doe Ill?*
Why no, said I. Then follow will
That *Ill* is nothing, since that who
Can all things, cannot *Evil* doe.
Dost me delude, me thus to bring
Into a Lab'rinth with reasoning?
Thou me alwaies dost put in doubt
While thou thy self go'st in and out
At pleasure: or dost complicate
A winding circular estate
Of the *simplicity Divine?*
For but ev'n now thou didst define,
Beatitude *chief Good* to be,
And that plac'd in the Deity;
That *God himself* is this *Goodness*,
As also *perfect Blessedness*.
Hence follow'd, None can happy be
That is not one o'th' Deity.
Thou said'st the form of this *Goodness*
The very substance of *God* is.
This *Good* to be but *one* you taught,
For that by all things it is sought.
You farther also did decide,
That *God* by *good* this World does guide:
And that all things do with their will
Obey; that Nature has no ill.
To prove all this thou didst not bring
Reasons which do at distance spring,
But such as nigh and proper are,
One still confirming the other.

Why then I do not mock, said she ;
For by God's help that's prov'd, you see,
For which we did agree before
The heavenly aid for to implore.
Such is the form of this Divine
Substance, that it does not decline
To outward things, nor does at all
Accept things that are externall.
Of which *Parmenides* does say,
A round is equall ev'ry way.
And if that I have not gone far
For reasons to prove this matter,
But only have made use of those
Which fitly from it self arose ;
Thou hast no reason me to blame,
Since *Plato* taught the very same :
Speech that to matter is apply'd
To th' matter ought to be ally'd.

*Thrice happy is the man that can
goodness clearly once behold,
Thrice happy surely is the man
whom earth's ties do not hold.*

*Orpheus he
Full mournfully
his dear-belov'd Wife's death did 'plain ;
While he did play
Woods ran away,
and Rivers fixed did remain.*

*The Hinde without all fear did ly
close unto the Lion's side,
Nor was the Hare scar'd with the cry,
nor when she the Dogs espy'd.*

*Yet inwardly,
The fire did fry,
and he who all things else could tame,
Could not appease
This fierce disease,
nor quench this all-devouring flame.*

*Full highly then he did complain,
the Gods without mercy were,
And his dear Wife for to regain,
unto Hell he did repair.*

*With measur'd feet
And musick sweet
he did the bel-hounds all disarm;
His mother she,
A Goddess free,
did teach him how he them should charm.*

*He did his grief before them lay,
his lost Love did sadly mourn,
And Pluto's self did humbly pray
her to him for to return.*

*With his sweet Song
The Fiends among
he Cerberus did chiefly move,
Who him let in;*

*Then all begin
for to sollicite for his Love.*

Now Ixion not turns the Wheel,
Tantalus his Thirst forgets,
Nor Titius does the Vulture feel,
musick all their torments lets.

The shady King,
When he did sing,
could not deny to grant his boon,
Give him, said he,
Euridice,

with Musick as he has o'recome.

But lest that he too high should swell,
with this law I will him ty,
If he look back on her in hell,
he shall lose her instantly.

But who with law
Can Lovers aw?

Love is a thing that has no bound.

He by twilight
Of her had sight,
lost her, and did himself confound.

This Fable does all them concern
who to vertue do arrive,
And then forget what they did learn,
back again to darkness drive.

Who does know Bliss,
Yet will with this
vain world give tronble to his mind;
All he did gain
With so much pain,
by looking back, he lost will find.

THE
FOURTH BOOK.

Philosophy with a sweet voice
Did sing this song, and kept a choice
Decorum both in word and look ;
When I abruptly undertook
(Not having yet my grief lay'd by)
To speak : O light of truth, said I,
Whatever yet thou hast lay'd forth
Appears to be of divine worth,
By reasons not to be repell'd.
Thou said'st these were from me withheld
By extreme grief, and yet but so,
That heretofore I did them know.
But of my grief the greatest cause
Is this, to know that *God*, who laws
To all does give, *is good* ; then how
Can *Ills* or be, or scot-free goe ?
This which does so much trouble me,
I leave to be admir'd by thee.
A greater yet (for to be plain)
Is this, while wickedness does reign,
Vertue has no reward at all,
But stead thereof the wicked call
It *Vice*, and punishments inflict.
But that it should be a delict,

And

And *God* should see't, who all does know,
All power has, who will not doe
Any thing but what's very good,
May be admir'd, not understood.
That's right, said she, if that it were
As thou dost think, it would more scare
Then sight of ugliest monsters would,
To think the Heavenly Father should
In his well-order'd house respect
The basest, and the best neglect.
But 'tis not so : for if that that thou
Our late Conclusions dost avow,
By his help of whom now we speak
Thou'lt know the *Wicked* are but weak,
The *Good* are potent ; and that *Vice*
Is punish'd, *Vertue* held in price.
The *Good* enjoy a happy state,
The *Wicked* are unfortunate.
More may be said of the like strain
Will make thee henceforth not complain.
And since the forme of *perfect Bliss*
By me unto thee shewed is,
And that thou know'st where it is plac'd,
The time I will no longer wast,
But I to thee the way will show,
How thou unto thy home may'st goe.
I will give wings unto thy Mind,
By which thou shalt a safe way find,
(Set free from all disturbances)
Unto thy Country with much ease :

Triumphantly

Triumphantly thou home shalt ride,
My skill and knowledge thee shall guide :

For I have *Wings* of *subtle* make,
Which if the *Mind* puts on,
'Twill soon above the *Pole* ascend,
and *Earth* not look upon.

'Twill soon pass through the *Aiery* globe,
and clouds will leave behind,
With nimble course the *Fire* 'twill pass
o'th' *Sun*, that mortals blind.

The region cold that *Saturn* rules
will not at all it stay,
'Twill pass the *Starrs* that paint the sky
so bright i'th' *Milky way*.

And having past the highest *sphear*,
and left the *Pole* so bright,
Upon the highest *Orbe* 'twill stand,
enjoying clearest light ;

Whereas the *King* of *Kings* does hold
the *Sceptre* and the reins,
And on his throne of *Glory* set
all evil he restrains.

If thou unto this place do come,
which now thou hast forgot,
This is my *Countrey*, thou wilt cry,
here, here I claim my lot.

Whence

*Whence if that thou do look upon
the place thou left'st behind,
All the fell Tyrants on the earth
thou wilt in exile find.*

Thou promisest great things, said I,
Of which thou me wilt certify
I make no doubt : but I thee pray,
In clearing them make no delay.
First, you do this acknowledge then,
There's Power alwaies in *good men* ;
And that all *bad men* are without
All Power, thou canst make no doubt ;
Since one the other does make plain,
For *good* and *bad* are wholly twain.
If *Goodness* do no Power want,
Then *Evil* Weak we needs must grant.
And if *Ill's* Weakness does appear,
Then *Goodness* Strength by its made clear.
But that more easily there may
Be credit giv'n to what I say,
My proofs I equally will bring,
Now this, now that side marshalling.
There are two things which in effect
In mens affairs bear chief respect ;
That's *Will*, and *Power* : if these two
Be not *entire*, all will not doe.
No man will goe about to try
What to his *Will* is contrary :

And

And if that he no *Power* have,
In vain his *Will* does strive or crave.
Hence 'tis that if thou one dost see
Who would get that that had can't be,
'Tis want of *Power* does restrain
That he that thing does not attain.
Why this, said I, none can deny.
Thou must confess then equally,
That he who does whate're he *will*
Has *Power* the same for to fulfill.
'Tis true. For it does *Power* show,
According to the *Will* to doe.
The *Will* abridg'd, o'th' contrary,
Does shew an *Imbecillity*.
I it confess. But dost, said she,
Remember that we did agree,
In all intentions of the *Will*,
Though diversly it use its skill,
Still *Blessedness* by it's design'd?
I do. But dost thou bear in mind,
That *Blessedness* is the *true Good*;
By which it must be understood,
Who *Bliss* does seek, means *Good* thereby?
I do remember it, said I,
And in my mind I hold it still.
Then all men, whether *good* or *ill*,
With one and the self-same desire
Do unto *Goodness* still aspire.
That's certain truth. And so is this,
That who gets *Goodness* he *good* is.

But

But *good men* get what they desire.
'Tis true. And *evil* lose their hire ;
For if that they do *Good* obtain,
They do no longer *ill* remain.
'Tis so. Then since they both desire
Good, and the one does lose his hire,
And th' other not, then it is plain
That *Power* with *good men* does remain,
Weakness with *ill*. Whoe're with sense
The nature weighs and consequence
Of these things, must agree thereto.
She then reply'd, If there be two
To whom by nature the same thing
Proposed is ; if one do bring
The same to pass by a right course,
The other strives by waies are worse
The same to doe, but can't compleat
The work, but only't imitate ;
Which of these two most *Power* has,
Dost think ? Although that I do guess
What 'tis you mean, yet I would fain
Have you describe it yet more plain.
To move by walking (thou'lt not then
Deny) is natural to men.
'Tis so, said I. Nor can'st deny
But 'tis the feet move naturally.
I can't. Why then, if one do use
His feet, another does refuse
This natural means, and he will goe
Upon his hands ; which of these two

Book IV. of Philosophy.

111

Wilt thou the stronger deem to be?
Make out the rest; for surely he
Who goes the true and nat'ral way,
To be the strongest all will say.
Why so, said she, the *chiefest Bliss*,
Which equally proposed is
To *good* and *bad*, the *good* apply
To get by Vertue naturally;
The *bad* by Lusts (but all in vain)
Seek this *chief Good* for to attain.
Dost think they can? Why no, said I;
The sequel plainly doesn't descry.
Then what is proved makes appear,
The *good* are *strong*, the *bad weak* are.
'Tis right, said she, and by this scope
I do (as wont Physicians) hope
Good strength of nature, since I find
To Knowledge a so ready mind.
I will therefore more reasons bring.
See if *bad men* have *any thing*,
Who cannot unto that arrive
To which their nature does them drive.
And if their *power* in this be scant,
Consider how much strength they want.
For they no small rewards desire,
But to the top of *Bliss* aspire,
To which they no way can attain,
Though night and day they take great pain.
Which proves the *strength* of those are *Good*:
For as it must be understood

That

That he that runs and wins the goal
Most able is ; so thou must hold
His *power* greatest, does acquire
The utmost end of his desire.
Which for the *wicked* cannot doe,
It plainly does their *weakness* show,
Who leaving *Vertue*, follow *Vice*.
Is't Blindness that does them entice ?
Why, what's more weak then Ignorance ?
Or do they know't, yet Lusts advance ?
This their Intemp'rance *Weakness* is,
And they are overcome by *Vice*.
Or do they knowing, willingly
Leave *Vertue*, and to *Vices* fly ?
By this from *Strength* they are so free,
That thus they leave at all to *be*.
For who the common end of all
Does leave, leaves being therewithall.
This to be strange perchance may seem,
That *wicked men*, whom all do deem
The greatest part of humane kind,
Thus to be *nothing* we should find.
Yet so it is. The *wicked* I
For to be *ill* do not deny :
But I do also say withall,
That simply they are *not at all*.
For though a carcase does make known
This is a man, he's simply *none*.
So *wicked men* I ill allow,
Yet them to *be* I disavow.

That

That *is* which order does retain,
And keeps his nature : what does strain
And swerve from it does *leave to be*
(At least) what it is naturally.
But *ill* men act, (*though evilly*)
Thou sayst, and I it not deny.
But this their *Power* not from *Strength*,
But *Weakness* will appear at length.
They can do *ill*, but not *good* too ;
If *good*, then they could not *ill* do.
So that such *Power* does plainly show
That they indeed can *nothing* do.
For we before did this agree,
Ill in it self *nothing* to be.
Since nothing then a *wicked man*
Can do but *ill*, he *nothing* can.
'Tis so. But yet that more certain
This may appear, by being more plain,
We said (thou know'st) a while before
The *chiefest Good* had *greatest Power*.
You did. But it no *ill* can do,
Said she. That's true. But dost thou know
Any so mad, to think that men
Can all things do? No. Yet they can
Do *evil*. Yes ; I would to God
They tether'd were that they could not.
Since then this *Power* can all things do,
And *wicked men* cannot do so ;
The *Power* then we must confess
Of those *do ill* is much the less.

Moreover *Power* counted is
Among those things that do bring *Bliss* :
And all those things to *Good* referre
As to the top of their nature.
But 'tis not possible that *Ill*
At all should strive *Good* to fulfil.
Therefore 'tis not to be desir'd.
But *Power* is to be acquir'd.
Then sure the possibility
Of doing *ill* no *Power* can be.
All which most plainly does confirm
Good Powerful, Evil infirm.
What *Plato* said, then does stand true,
That only wise men they can doe
What they desire ; they that doe Ill,
Do only exercise their will,
But cannot unto that arrive
Which they desire, for that they strive
By wicked means for to obtain
That *good* which they desire to gain.
But of their end they needs must miss,
For *Wickedness* leads not to *Bliss*.

*What though thou mighty Kings dost see,
In Purple shining gloriously,
 mounted upon their Thrones of state,
With armed men circled about,
With a bent brow threats belching out,
 confounding others with proud hate ?*

Yet look, thou inwardly wilt find,
That fetters strong these Lords do bind:
by Lusts their hearts are poisoned,
So ly tormented by Excess.
Then Anger does their minds possess:
so a vexatious life they lead.

One while they're wearied out with Grief,
Then Hope does give them no relief.
When thou dost see one thus assail'd,
Ne're wonder he cannot aspire
To Good, the top of his desire,
by so many fell Tyrants quail'd.

Thou then dost see they durty are
Who follow *Vice*, and they are fair
Vertue embrace: so that 'tis plain,
Good have reward, and *Wicked* pain.
And 'tis but just it should be so:
For ev'ry thing a man does doe
Is for reward; as who does run
A race, he does expect the Crown.
And we have shew'd that *Blessedness*
Is that same *Good* for which all press.
Then *Good* does (as reward) attend
All humane actions in the end.
'Tis *Good* gives a good man esteem,
'Tis *Good* that so entitles him.
So men are Vicious call'd from *Vice*;
But *Vertue* alwaies has a price.

And though the Wicked rage and rail,
The wise man's Crown will never fail :
Let wicked men fret and repine,
Their proper *Vertue* still will shine ;
Which dark would be, or rather none,
If it were borrow'd, not their own.
For ev'ry man may claim his right,
Or it may forced be by might.
But 'cause that each man in regard
That he is *good* has a reward,
By consequence, if *Good* he leave,
He a reward shall not receive.
Lastly, if all Reward be sought
Because it *good* to be is thought,
Who him rewarded won't confess,
That *Good* and *Vertue* does possess?
But what reward? no mean one sure,
But even the fairest and most pure.
Remember that Corollary
Which lately I did give to thee.
Since Blessedness is the chief Good,
And it must needs be understood,
Who of this Goodness is possesst
Must of necessity be blest ;
And that for to be blest, must be
To be a God, we did agree :
Then the reward the good partake
(No time can end, no power shake,
Nor wickedness can overthrow,)
Is to be Gods. Which since 'tis so,

Then *wicked men* can't be without
Perpetual pain, there is no doubt.
As *Good* and *Ill* are contrary,
Reward and Pain so disagree.
Whate're the *good* receive as gain,
The *bad* receive as much in pain.
Goodness to th' *good* a reward is,
The *bad* with horror punish'd is.
And he who finds but little ease,
Can't doubt but he has some disease.
Then if they this would call to mind,
Themselves in pain they sure would find,
For that they are not only tainted
With *Ill*, but strongly are infected.
But see by way of contrary,
How wicked men tormented be.
For all that *is*, to be but *one*,
And that *one good*, to thee is known.
Whence follows that whatever *is*
Must needs be *good* : and so from this,
Whatever *Goodness* does decline
Does leave to *be* : thus then rejoyne,
The *wicked* are not what they were.
But yet the shape of men they bear.
I but by being wicked then
The nature quite they've lost of men.
For since that only *Virtue* can
Lift Mortals up above what's Man,
It of necessity does follow
That *Vice* does cast them far below.

So that if thou with *Vice* do see
A man transform'd, no man is he.
Whoever does with griping wrest
Another's goods, he is a Beast,
And thou a *Wolf* may'st well him call.
He who perpetually does braul,
And live unquiet, none does spare,
Unto a *Dog* thou may'st compare.
Who does by Fraud and Cheating live,
The name of *Fox* thou well may'st give.
Who in fierce Anger all does tear,
A *Lion's* mind he sure does bear.
Whom vain and idle Fear does strike,
To *Hare* or *Hind* thou may'st him like.
Who has a slow and stupid head,
Like to an *Ass* his life does lead.
Who is unconstant, wavering,
From *Birds* he's no way differing.
Who is with filthy Lusts besmear'd,
To th' filthy *Sow* may be compar'd.
So he that does bright *Vertue* fly,
To be a man does leave you see.
Not being with divine right blest,
He is transform'd into a Beast.

*While that Ulysses did command
his ten-years wandring Fleet,
The East-wind drove them to the land
Whereas they did fair Circe meet,
And Syrens with their voices sweet.*

*This Lady had in magick skill,
 skill'd in all herbs that grow.
 Such liquor she to them did fill,
 And Syrens them enchanted so,
 That none could possibly them know.*

*Like unto Swine she some did make,
 and some like to the Bear.*

*Some did the shape of Lions take :
 These in their fury nothing spare,
 But with their teeth and claws do tear.*

*Some Wolves, who when they up did list
 their voice to weep, did howl,
 Some like to Indian Tigres swift,
 Who though indu'd with a mild soul,
 To live were forc'd for prey to prole.*

*Though witty Hermes pitying
 the Captain, him did save,
 And unto him did Moly bring,
 She all the others did enslave,
 While they to tipples still did crave.*

*Now beasts, to feed and walk like men
 they strove, but all in vain ;
 Acorns good food, lodging a Den :
 For why, there nothing did remain
 Of voice, or body, like humane.*

*Only their Minds were still the same ;
 which griev'd for to discern
 Their Bodies so expos'd to shame.*

*A weak it is and feeble Charm,
That Bodies can, and Minds not harm.
Man's strength is placed inwardly ;
if poisons take the Mind,
They more deface Humanity :
For thought to th' Body they seem kind,
The Soul they cruelly do grind.*

I do confefs indeed, ſaid I,
That *ill men* without injury
May into *Beaſts* be ſaid to ſwerve,
Though humane ſhape they ſtill conſerve.
But I'de not have their cruel will
Have *power* to th' *good* for to doe *ill*.
Nor have they, as I le ſhew, ſaid ſhe,
In place convenient unto thee.
For if that ſame which ſeems a *power*
Were ta'ne away, 'twould be a cure,
And ſo their puniſhment would eaſe.
For it though credit ſome won't pleaſe,
Yet wicked men are worſer far
When their deſiers perfect are,
Then if they could not bring to paſs
Whatever their deſier was.
If *ill* to will be a great curſe,
In him ability is worſe :
Upon it too we may reflect
When *ill* does come unto effect.

And

And who is guilty of these three,
 Endures a threefold misery.
 I grant, said I; but would to *God*
 That they this misery had not,
 Or that they quickly might it lose.
 Sooner perhaps then you would chuse,
 (Said she) or they do think 'twill be.
 And yet compare Eternity,
 Nothing in this life can be long.
 And if oft-times design of wrong
 Be frustrate by untimely end,
 This to their pain some ease does lend.
 For if that *Wickedness* do reign,
 The longer *wicked*, more the pain.
 Then he more wretched sure would be,
 If Death from *ill* did not him free.
 For if that we do right profess
 O'th' misery of *Wickedness*,
 As 'tis eternal, so 'tis right
 That it is also infinite.
 This thy illation, then said I,
 By me can hardly granted be;
 And yet I think it is no more
 Then has been granted heretofore.
 Thou rightly think'st, but whosoe're
 To make Conclusion shall forbear,
 Must shew the Premisses not true,
 Or that they do not raise a due
 Conclusion; or else otherwise
 What from the Premisses arise

If he do grant, he has no cause
On the Conclusion for to pause.
There's one thing more I will conclude,
Which will no less seem strange and rude,
Yet follows necessarily
From what is agreed already.
What's that? said I. Why, *wicked men*,
When punish'd, are more happy, then
If they at all not punish'd were.
Nor do I goe about to rear
Up a position that to all
Is known, that *wicked manners* are
By Punishments restrain'd, and Fear
Men to be honest does compell,
Beside th' Example does do well.
But for another reason I
Judge them unhappy do go free,
Though of Example there were none,
Nor of Correction reason shown.
What may that other reason be?
Have we not granted this, said she,
The *bad* unhappy, *good* are blest?
Why yes, said I. Then if some rest,
From *Misery*, some *good* do come,
Is he not better then such one
To whom no *good* does come at all,
But lives in pain perpetuall?
Why, yes. But if to's misery
More pain and greater added be,

Is he not more unhappy yet
 Then he that does some easement get ?
 Why yes, said I. Then *wicked men*
 When they are punish'd do find then
 Something that's *good*; for Punishment
 Is *good*, b'ing Justice instrument.
 And then not punish'd for to be
 Is further *ill* ; Impunity
 To be an *ill* by thee's confest,
 Cause *Right* it does and *Justice* wrest.
 I can't deny't. The *wicked* then
 Are far more miserable, when
 That pain does them unjustly spare,
 Then when they justly punish'd are.
 For this to *Justice* does belong,
 The other is to *Justice* wrong.
 None can deny't. Nor none, said she,
 One *good*, the other *ill* to be.
 All this does follow, then said I,
 From what before we did agree.
 But after Death for Souls dost thou
 No punishment at all allow ?
 Yes marry, and that great, said she ;
 And them two-fold I think to be :
 One sharp and a dire punishment,
 The other a mild purgament.
 But these to treat of I not mean :
 The ground and reason of this theam
 Was only that it might be seen
 (What thou didst most unworthy deem)

In *wicked men* no *Power* to be ;
And further too, that thou might'st see,
That they who *ills* do perpetrate
Do never punishments escape :
And also that thou may'st conceive
The *Power* (for which thou didst ask leave
Soon for to end) not long to be ;
If long, 'twere the more unhappy ;
And most unhappy yet of all,
If that it were perpetual.
I said before, the *wicked* then
Are far more miserable when
That pain does them unjustly spare,
Then when they justly punish'd are.
The consequence of which is this,
Their punishment most grievous is,
When they seem punish'd not to be.
To so great reasons I agree.
But if to men they be referr'd,
Who'l judge them worthy to be heard ?
'Tis true, said she ; for their dim eyes
To the clear light of truth can't rise.
So like they are unto the Owle,
Whose sight Night brightens, Day does foul.
For while they on their own lusts look,
And not into the secret book
Of things, they judge impunity
Of *Ill* a Happiness to be.
But know this as a firm award,
Thou need'st no Judge thee to reward

If *Vertue* thou and *Good* follow ;
Thou on thy self dost it bestow.
Again, if thou thy self apply
To *Vice*, thou need'st no enemy:
Thy self to judge thou wilt be free,
Thou wilt thine own tormentor be.
As if by turns thou should'st uprear
Thy sight unto the Heavens fair,
And then again should'st cast it down
Upon the filthy miry Ground,
Even the very sense of Sight
Would now shew dark, and then shew light.
I, but the vulgar thus don't see.
I prithee what is that to me ?
Must we be rul'd, or with them joyn,
Who to be Beasts we do define ?
What if a man that lost his sight,
Forget should that he ere saw light,
And should believe that he has all
Perfection that is natural ?
If I should unto this agree,
I surely were as blind as he.
But when will this be credited
By those who don't believe what's said,
That they are much more unhappy,
That doe, then suffer injury ?
The reason I would know, said I.
Thou canst not sure, said she, deny,
That who with a wicked intent
Does ill, does merit punishment.

And it does many waies appear
The *wicked* miserable are.
All this is true. Then it is plain,
They are unhappy, deserve pain.
So 'tis, said I. If then, said she,
The case referr'd were unto thee,
Which would'st thou punish, him that did
The wrong, or him that suffer'd it?
No question I would certainly
Him punish did the injury.
Then more accurst he seems to thee
Who did, then took the injury.
It follows so. From this therefore,
And from like reasons many more,
'Tis plain that who does injury
Upon himself brings misery.
What need then Orators make mone,
Judges to move to compassion
On them that in afflictions are,
And the wrong-doer not to spare,
Whereas in truth they pittie ought
All those that have injustice sought?
Who should a mild, not angry way
Accused be, that so they may
By counsel, as to patients foul,
Cut off a part to save the whole.
Who this considers would not use
Defence, but rather would accuse
Himself; and he who *wicked* is,
If he of *Vertue* and of *Bliss*

Could

Could but a little glim'ring see,
 And know he might deliver'd be
 From *Vice's* filth by punishment,
 Would suerly be well content
 To suffer pain, and would refuse
 At all an Advocate to use ;
 But would to his Accuser's hate
 And Judge's doom himself prostrate.
 By which he wholly would abate,
 In wise men, all invet'rate hate.
 For none but Fools the *Good* decry ;
 And they're more fools the *Bad* envy.
 As by disease the Body's pin'd,
 So *Vice* does macerate the Mind.
 And if that Sickness stir up love,
 Much more should they compassion move
 Where Wickedness the Mind does seise,
 For this is much the worse disease.

Whence is't with so much eagerness ye do
Pursue your fate ? would you death wooe ?
He is at hand : if Lion, Tiger, Bear,
Serpent, nor Bore won't do't, your selves you'l tear
Whence does this cruelty proceed,
Thus one another to make bleed ?
If cause Opinions differ you bloud spill,
This cause no reason has but deprav'd Will.
Then learn to love the good, pitty the ill.

Here

Here I do plainly see, said I,
What is or the felicity,
Or misery that does attend
The *good*, or *wicked* does offend.
But yet I am not satisfy'd,
But that there's *good* and *bad* beside.
For what wise man would banish'd be,
Live poor and ignominiously,
Rather then rich and honoured?
This 'tis makes Wisdome credited,
Whenas the Governour's renown
To th' people is transmitted down.
Besides that *Prisons*, *Whips* and *Racks*,
By Law provided for the backs
Of wicked Citizens, do I
Admire much they chang'd should be,
And Punishments should *good* destroy,
While as the *ill* rewards enjoy.
I pray render me a reason
Of this unjust confusion.
For I my self should wonder less,
If I thought Chance all things did press.
But now I much astonish'd am,
When I consider that they come
From *God*, that he does distribute
Oft-times what's pleasant to the *good*,
What's sharp to th' *bad*, again that he
The *good* keeps short, to th' *bad* is free.

Unless

Unless I may the cause discern,
 Why all's not *Chance* I ne're shall learn.
 No mar'le, said she, if any thing,
 The cause not known, confusion bring.
 But though the cause thou dost not know
 Why that things are disposed so ;
 Yet since the World must *God* obey,
 Ne're doubt but he does rightly sway.

*Who does not know Arcturus course,
 What him about the Pole does force,
 How slow Bootes guides his horse,
 Why he so late to bed does goe,
 I'th' morn himself so soon does show,
 Must needs the rest o'th' Heavens not know.*

*What is't that when the Moon's i'th' full
 Her glorious light from her does pull,
 Whose splendor all the Starrs did dull ?*

*The reason being hid to some, — — — — —
 Made them with Kettle and with Drum
 And Cries unto her aid to come.*

*None wonders that strong Winds do raise
 The waves, nor that the Snow not staies
 When look'd upon by Phœbus raies.*

*These things seem easie to be known :
 Those things the mind do vex alone
 Which seldom unto it are shown.*

*Things sudden do the vulgar move :
But if blind Error we remove,
They no way wonderfull will prove.*

'Tis so, said I : but since that thou
The hidden cause of things canst show,
I thee desire to bring to light
The reasons so wrapt up in night.
Above all others pray thee tell
(Me for to ease) this miracle.
Then she a little smiling said,
Thou hast a sute unto me made
Which to perform a matter is
So difficult, best skill may miss.
The matter it is so abstruse,
One doubt resolv'd, thousands produce :
Like *Hydra's* heads they do increase ;
Nor will they come to any peace,
Unless they purely be calcin'd,
With a quick fier of the Mind.
For in this we must explicate
Mild *Providence*, and rugged *Fate*,
Unlook'd-for *Chance*, divine *Cognition*,
Free-will, and dark *Predestination*.
The weight of these thou well may'st guess.
But thee to cure since I profess,
Though time be short, I'll use it so
That thou in part shalt them all know.
And if my verse delights thy ear,
Thou must the same awhile forbear,

Till I do utter orderly
Some reasons. As you please, said I.
Then she, as if she new began,
Her speech to me this wise did frame.
The generation of all things,
All Nature's changing proceedings,
All whatsoever things do move,
The *Cause, Form, Order's* from above.
The *high Mind* set composedly
I'th' tower of true *Simplicity*,
Thence issues out a firm decree
How ev'ry thing shall govern'd be.
Which for that purely 'tis divine,
We do it *Providence* define.
But if to th' things we it referre,
Which by this *Mind* disposed are,
We call it *Fate*. That this is clear,
By both their natures will appear.
For *Providence* that *Reason* is
Divine, which constituted is
In *God* himself, who all does guide :
But *Fate* in low things does abide.
By *Providence* *Fate* orderly
Disposes all things variably.
Providence does all things unite,
Though diverse, or though infinite.
Fate singly does them cause to move,
As Time or Form or Place approve.
So temp'ral things for to know right
United into *God's* foresight,

Is *Providence* ; and the same union
By time digested and made known,
Is *Fate* : distinct, they have one End ;
For one on th' other does depend.
Order of *Fate* is guided by
Providence's simplicity.
For as a good Artificer,
(Does a form in's mind decypher,)
In time and order brings to pass
What but before in his mind was :
So God does by his *Providence*
Dispose all things i'th' future tense ;
And what things he does so dispose,
Fate does in order them disclose.
Then whether *Fate's* web woven be
By *Spirits* which immediately
Serve *Providence*, or by the *Soul*,
Or *Nature* which does serve the whole,
Or by the motions of the *Spheres*,
Or *Angels*, or the *Devil's* cares,
Or some, or all of these, yet hence
Full clear it is that *Providence*
Is an unmov'd and simple form
Of such things as are yet unborn ;
But *Fate's* an engine moveable,
The which does orderly fulfil
What the divine *Simplicity*
In time does order for to be.
Whence all things that do *Fate* obey
To *Providence* allegiance pay.

And

And *Fate* must unto it submit ;
 For under *Providence* are set
 Some things which *Fate* it self surmount.
 Among the which we well may count
 Such as are fixt unmoveably
 Nigh the all-ruling *Deity*.
 For as when many circles spin
 About one center, that within
 To th' center's stableness comes nigh,
 And is as 'twere the hinge whereby
 All those that placed are without
 Do make their motions round about ;
 But that which outermost does turn,
 A great circumference does run,
 The more it from the center goes,
 The larger spaces from it grows ;
 But what to th' center is fast knir,
 Does *stableness* enjoy with it :
 So all those that are placed far
 From the *first Mind*, perplexed are
 With more and greater snares of *Fate* ;
 And he enjoys a freer state
 Who out at distance does not ly,
 But to the center does draw nigh.
 And if unto the *high Mind* he
 Can fix'd be by *stability*,
 Above all second things he's born,
 And *Fate's* necessity may scorn.
 Wherefore as we Discourse do find
 To be the product of the *Mind* ;

And what begotten is, we see
Is still the fruit of the same tree ;
Eternity produces Time,
And Circles from the Center climb :
So moving *Fate* has a firm ty
To *Providence's* certainty ;
Which does alone the Heavens move,
Which joyns the Elements in love,
Which makes all growing things proceed
From the corruption of the Seed,
Which does mens acts and fortunes chain
In links that firm and sure remain.
Then since they claim their principle
From *Providence* immoveable,
It must be of necessity,
They have immutability.
And then all things best govern'd are,
When the *divine Mind* takes the care,
And with his own Unmovedness
Represses their Confusedness.
Hence 'tis that though this Order seem
To you to be of small esteem,
For that all things confus'd appear ;
Yet *God* hereby does take such care,
That he disposes all to *good*.
This you've already understood :
For *ill*, as *ill*, there's none takes care,
No not those that most wicked are ;
But they with wicked error do
Seek *good* which way so ere they goe.

But if *chief Good* the center be
Of this same Order, certainly,
It no man can turn out o'th' way.
I but Confusion 'tis, you'l say,
Good men to have Prosperity,
And then again Adversity ;
And Wicked men for to enjoy
Their will, and then again annoy.
But are there any men that live
So wise, that they can sentence give
Who wicked are, and who upright ?
Or must they be so 'cause they say't ?
How comes it then to pass there lies
In judgments such incertainties,
So that whom one thinks worthy gain,
Another censures unto pain ?
But let us grant that some man can
Discern the good from the bad man.
Can he also the temper see
O'th' *Soul* ? with it these may agree.
Who ignorantly then does say
He wonders, as well wonder may
Why to one's body that is found
Sweet things are only proper found ;
T'another's that's as sound as he,
Sharp things and bitter do agree.
Some sick men are with Lenitives,
And some are cur'd with Corrosives.
But the Physician that does know
Each temper, and can reason show

Of this man's health, that man's disease,
No admiration does him seize.
Now of the Soul is *Verity*
The index of Salubrity,
And *Vice* the Sickness of the same.
Then who, then *God*, a fitter can
Physician be, who knows so well
Good to conserve, *bad* to expell?
Who does from his high Throne of Bliss
See what for each man fitting is;
And what is fit he does assign
Him, by his *Providence divine*?
This all the wonder is of *Fate*;
When he that knows the best estate,
Most knowingly for it does care,
The ignorant astonish'd are.
But now in brief I will explain
What humane Reason can attain
Of secrets purely divine.
Whose Vertue thou think'st most to shine,
Who most serves Truth and Equity,
The eye of *Providence* does see
Quite otherwise: hence *Lucan* does
Ingeniously admonish us,
The Victor's cause the Gods did please,
The Vanquish'd, Cato. If in these
Then transitory things thou see
What thou think'st *evil* done to be;
Believe 'tis dimness of thy sight,
But *divine order* is still right.

But if there any be so just
That *God* and *man* approve him must ;
Yet possibly his Mind's so weak,
His Innocence he will forsake,
If him in *Bliss* it won't maintain,
But rather is the cause of *pain*.
This man the all-wise *God* does spare,
Foreseeing that he cannot bear
Adversity, so growing worse
It would be unto him a curse.
Another man so vertuous is,
So like to *God* in Holiness,
Him *Providence* does not think fit
In any case for to afflict,
So that so much as Sicknes she
Should him assail, will not agree.
For as *one* who me far excells
From sacred knowledge freely tells,
The Carcases of Holy men
Of Vertue are compos'd. And then
As it does often happen that
Vertue does *good men* elevate,
It is to keep the *wicked* low,
Which otherwise would all o'reflow.
Again she mixes one with t'other,
As she does see minds them can bear.
Some she does prune, some she does mow,
Lest they too rank should over-grow
With long Prosperity, some she
With hardships suffers vex to be,

That so the *Vertues* of the Mind
By *Patience* may assurance find.
What's ealie to be born, some fear,
Others do slight what they can't bear.
These she afflicts with Misery,
That they their strength of mind may try.
Some for the glory of a Name,
Do catch at *Death*, to purchase Fame.
Others, by strange enduring pain,
By their example have made plain
That *Vertue* cannot conquer'd be
By all this worldly misery.
Which things since right and orderly
They are dispos'd, no doubt can be
But that they do the good procure
Of them that do the same endure.

Now that the *wicked* do enjoy
Sometimes their will, and then annoy,
From the same causes doth arise.
That they are punish'd, none that's wise
Can wonder, or condemn; for why,
It does both others terrify,
And does mend them: besides the joy
The *wicked* have aloud does cry
To th' good, that they should learn thereby
How vain a thing's Prosperity.
I also more consider this;
Perhaps one's nature so fierce is,
That *Poverty* would make him worse:
Then him to free from this same curse,

Kind *Providence* for remedy
Stores him with Mony plenteously.
Another who does *Vice* affect,
Upon his *fortunes* does reflect.
And fears the loss would more displease,
Then now the spending does him please;
Does change his life, and while he fears
To lose his state, his *Vice* forbears.
One lately rais'd to *Happiness*,
With *Pride* does on destruction press.
To others there is Power lent
For to inflict dire punishment,
The *good* thereby to exercise,
The *wicked* thereby to chastise.
For as no correspondence can
Be 'tween a *good* and *wicked* man;
So do the *wicked* still deny
Among themselves for to comply.
And how can it be otherwise,
Since they being guilty of *Vice*,
Within themselves perplexed are,
And being mad, they none do spare?
From whence by *Providence* is oft
This miracle seen to be wrought,
That *ill men*, *ill men* *good* do make;
For that from them they dammage take:
So hating of their *wickedness*,
They fly to *Vertue* for redress,
Detesting for to be like them
Whom they do hate above all men.

For only strength that is divine
Can out of *evil good* refine.
Which it does doe in this respect,
By giving it a good effect.
For Order does all things entwine ;
And what from Order does decline,
Does so but seem, keeps the right way :
For where that *Providence* does sway,
There sure can no Confusion be.
But it cannot be shew'd by me,
How *God*, who does to all pretide,
Does by his *Providence* them guide.
Let it suffice that we do see
That *God*, who did Nature decree,
By mortals must be understood
For to dispose all things to *good*.
For that all things he does produce
He to his likeness does reduce :
And does all *Evil* banish by
Course of *fatal necessity*
From out his kingdom : so that we
Considering the *Deity*,
Must know on earth *ill* can't abound,
Since no place for it can be found.
But I do see you weary are,
This weighty burthen for to bear ;
Though't reason be, prolixity
Must needs be tedious unto thee :
Therefore I thee to recreate
Some verses sweet will modulate.

Take them as a refection,
Thy journey better thou'lt goe on.

*If thou the Laws of the most High
Wilt with a knowing mind descry,
Behold the motions are above,
How they do keep both peace and love.*

*Though Phœbus be hot,
Yet he doeth not
his Sister Phœbe's cold restrain:*

*But they mutually
Do friendly comply,
to warm and cool the Earth again.*

*Nor does the Pole, on which the world
Is turn'd, desire to be kurl'd
Into the Sea, although he see
All other Starrs there drencht to be.*

*The Evening-star
Does alwaies prepare
the coming of the shady Night:
The Morn-star does bring
The joyfull tiding
of ev'ry Day's approaching light.*

*So that they do perpetually
In Love agree and Unity:
This Love does banish from the Starrs
All discord, strife, and civil warrs.*

*By this Unity
Th' Elements agree,*

so that the moist yields to the dry,
The cold joyns in love
With Fire that's above,
and weighty Earth below does ly.

This Love and this blest Unity
Causes the Spring so gay to be,
Causes the Summer ripe the Corn,
And Autumn to blow Plenty's horn,
That well drive away
Cold Winter we may:
gives us all things that life sustain;
And when that we dy,
Brings us presently
to our beginning back again.

While their Creator set on high
Does govern them full orderly;
As King and Lord he all does sway,
So from their order they can't stray.

Yet he by his will
Can make that stand still
whose order is to flow amain;
And that make to stray
Whose order's to stay,
for none his power can restrain.

But did not he the creatures bound,
And them compell into a round,
They soon exorbitant would grow,
And would all order overthrow.

'Tis Love mutual
 To good drives them all,
 and makes them that they do remain.
 'Tis Love is the thing
 That all things does bring
 to their beginning back again.

Dost thou the consequence now see
 Of all I have declar'd to thee?
 What's that? said I. Ev'n all, said she,
Fortune, what ever, good to be.
 And how, said I, can that same be?
 Attend, and thou shalt see, said she.
 Since that all *Fortune*, mild or hard,
 Conferred is or for Reward,
 Or trial of the good; or for
 The Punishment o'th' wicked, or
 For their correction; it is plain
 'Tis good, 'cause just, or for 'tis gain.
 Thou truly dost the question state;
 And if I *Providence* and *Fate*
 (As thou to me hast lately taught)
 Consider, it is firmly wrought.
 But I do think it may be plac'd
 Among those things that time do wast;
 For thou didst lately tell to me,
 Some things believed may not be.
 Let this be one. For why? said she.
 Because that men do commonly

Assaver

Assever they ill *Fortune* have.
And if that thou the same do crave,
The vulgar speech I'll not refuse,
But all humanity will use.
Dog as you please, said I. Then she;
Dost thou not think that *good* to be
That *profitable* is? I do,
Said I. Thou canst not then but know
That all whatever does correct,
Or trial make, 's *good* in th' effect.
'Tis true, said I. It must be *good*,
Or else thou hadst not understood
This their condition for to be
Who, *vertuous*, with adversity
A war do wage, nor those that do,
From *Vice* reclaim'd, *Virtue* pursue.
'Tis plain, said I, unto me now.
But prithee further, what think'st thou
Of what the *good* have as reward?
Does the rude vulgar think that hard?
Why no, said I; but *good*, as 'tis.
But what do they think then of this,
What bitter is, and does restrain
By punishment the *wicked man*?
Do they think this same *good* to be?
No, but the worst of misery.
Then see, said she, how following
The Vulgar's foolish bellowing,
That same thing now is visible,
That you would have incredible.

As how? said I. The consequence
Of this is plain to ev'ry sense,
That they who *Vertue* do possess,
Or towards her are in progress,
Their Fortune is concluded good;
But by the Vulgar's understood,
That they who *wicked* do remain
Bad Fortune have, if they have pain.
It follows so. But who is wise,
Said she, does think Adversities
To be a trial, does make head,
And no more does the issue dread,
Then does the valiant Chieftain do
When to the battel trumpets blow.
The difficulty is the thing
Which unto both does honour bring:
One seeks in Glory for to rise,
The other is esteemed Wise.
And *Vertue* does its name derive
From *Vis*, 'cause it does strongly strive.
And you who in the progress are
Tow'rds *Vertue*, surely do take care
Not to be pamper'd with delights,
Nor to be pined with affrights:
But 'gainst both Fortunes you put on
A conquering resolution.
Lest you Delights should overflow,
Or Sorrows should you overthrow,
You strongly do a Mean endeavour.
For it is sure that whosoever

Or short does stay, or further goe,
May have Felicity in show,
But never shall reward obtain,
For all his labour and his pain.
But if you will uprightly live,
You to your selves your Fortune give.
For whatsoever Fortune ill
Does seem, it is good Fortune still :
For it the good does exercise ;
Or else correct, or punish vice.

*What greater pleasure on the earth is found,
Then with strong Difficulties for to cope,
And then with victory for to be crown'd ?
Of this stout Agamemnon had great hope,
When before Troy he ten whole years did ly ;
Fill'd with disdain, he thought the time not long,
And ended it with glorious victory,
By fire expiating his Brother's wrong.
Which rather then he would not bring to pass,
He sacrific'd his only Daughter dear,
Who to the Gods o'th' Wind a victime was,
That Neptune safe the Grecian Fleet might bear.
Ulysses his Companions did bewail,
Whom cruel Cyclops in his den did eat ;
But he with blindness did the Cyclops quail,
Then joy did mitigate his sadness great.
Great Hercules renowned is for toil :
He did the proud ambitious Centaurs tame,*

*And from the raging Lion took the spoil,
 And men-devouring Birds he made his game.
 He from the watchful Dragon did fetch out
 The Golden Apples, and did Horses feed
 With Kingly flesh; the Hell-dog led about,
 And from the monster Hydra the world freed.
 He made swift Achelous back to goe,
 And quell'd Antæus on the Libyan sand:
 He did the fiery Cacus overthrow,
 Nor could the huge-tusk'd Bore his force withstand.
 With his stiff neck and brawny shoulders he
 The Heav'ns upheld. For these he gain'd at last
 Up to the Gods translated for to be,
 So who the Heav'ns upheld, the Heav'ns hold fast.
 These high examples let brave minds regard.
 Who toils in Vertue, has a sure reward.*

THE
FIFTH BOOK.

When this was said, she did begin
 Quite other matters to weave in.
 Then I, her interrupting, said,
 Thy exhortation is well laid,
 And ought observed for to be
 Coming from thy authority.
 But since that I do find it true
 Now by experience, that which you

Of *Providence* to me did tell,
That many questions thence would swell,
From thee I do desire to know
Whether that *Chance* or be, or no,
And what it is. I will, said she,
Make good my promise unto thee ;
And unto thee the way will show,
How thou in safety home may'st goe.
The things I was about to say,
Although that they much profit may,
Yet they from our set purpose were ;
But I did offer them, for fear
Lest with these heavy burthens prest,
Thou shouldest tire for want of rest.
Of that, said I, no fear can be,
They rather ease do bring to me.
Besides, if thy discourse appear
With Truths on all sides to be clear,
Of all which does thereof arise
There's no man sure will doubt that's wise,
Thy way, said she, I'll follow then ;
And in this manner she began.
If that without a Cause be lent
Unto rash motion an *Event*,
If any one this *Chance* do call,
I do averre there's none at all :
And a vain voice it is alone,
Without signification.
For where can *Chance* have any room
Where *God* to order all does doom ?

That *Nothing* does from *nothing* rise,
 Is truth confirm'd by th' ancient wise,
 Even by those could nothing tell
 Of the effecting principle;
 But all their knowledge only was
Material subject, nature, cause.
 But if that any thing doth spring
 From no *Cause*, it does from *Nothing*
 Seem to come: but if this can't be,
 Then neither can there possibly
 Be that same *Chance* lately defin'd.
 And what, said I, can we then find
 In the whole world nothing at all
 That *Fortune* we or *Chance* may call?
 Or is there something (lies unknown
 To th' *Vulgar*) by these terms is shown?
 In *Aristotle's Physicks* thou
 Truly mayest the reason know.
 As how? said I. *When any thing,*
 Saies he, *by accident does bring*
To light some other thing then was
Intended by the moving cause,
This is call'd Chance: as if a man
 For tillage does plough up a lawn,
 And does a hidden treasure find,
 'Tis presently to *Chance* assign'd;
 But wrongly, since it does not pass
 From *nothing*, for it *causes* has;
 The which, 'cause they were not foreseen,
 A *Chance* does make it for to seem.

For if the Husbandman had not
The ground broke up, nor t'other put
The treasure there, 't had not been found.
Now thou dost see the *cause* and ground ;
It does from sev'ral causes come,
Not from the Agent's intention.
For neither he that hid the gold,
Nor he that did the plough-staff hold,
Intended it should come to pass ;
But, as I said, it only was
Concurring *causes* that did bid
The one dig up what th' other hid.
Then *Chance* by us may be defin'd,
Event from Causes that are joyn'd.
Now Causes do concur and grow
From a Connexion which does flow
From that inevitable *Read*
Which does from *Providence* proceed,
Which does all things (seen in the close)
In time and place rightly dispose.

*Among the rocks
whereas those people dwell
Who do with mocks
their enemies all quell,
Whilst flying they
Do with their deadly darts
Their followers slay,
them piercing to the hearts,*

There

*There Tigris does,
there does Euphrates rise ;*

*This one way goes,
that th' other swiftly flies.*

*Should they unite
and both together run,
With all the might
of Flouds that to them come,*

*There's nothing could
their raging force withstand,*

*Destroy they would
all the whole neighb'ring land.*

*Trees they would tear
from out the firmest ground ;*

*They nought would spare,
but all things would confound ;*

*If not confin'd
their chanel's for to keep,*

*By that high Mind
that law gives to the Deep.*

*It is just so
with Fortune's raging spight ;*

*Who all does know,
does force her to doe right.*

I do it understand, said I,
And with thy judgment do comply.
But with thy *Causes* doest thou
To man at all *Free-will* allow ?

Or does this fatal Chain up ty
Mens minds, that they move not freely?
No, there's no nature reasonable,
But is endued with *Free-will*.
What things soever *Reason* do
By nature use, use *Judgment* too,
By which they with a lively sense
Eas'ly discern the difference
'Twixt what is *good* and what is *bad*;
What's to be left, what's to be had.
Then who of Reason has the skill,
He *freedom* has to *will*, or *nill*.
But I'll not say that unto all
This *Freedom* is alike equall;
For that the *substances* Divine
Have *judgments* that are clear and fine,
Wills uncorrupted, and what they
Do will, they by their Power may.
But it is of necessity
That humane minds *most free* should be,
When they in speculation are
Of the High *God*: *less* when they care
For th' body take; *least* when that they
Let earthly vanities them sway.
But yet their greatest bondage is,
When they do sell themselves to *Vice*:
Reason's possession then they quit;
And putting from their eyes the light
Of Truth, they into darkness fall,
And lewd affections worst of all;

To which consenting, they do bring
 Upon themselves a languishing,
 And they by this their being free
 Throw themselves into slavery.
 Yet still high *Providence* does see
 All things from all *eternity*,
 And to the merits of each state
 Does give, as they'r *predestinate*.
 All things does he
 Both hear and see,

Homer *did sweetly sing*
bright Phœbus praise :
 Yet he cannot look in
the Earth's dark waies ;
 Nor can he pierce with's eye
the Ocean clear.
 To him that made the Sky
all things appear ;
 No Earth does stand between
his knowing sight,
 Nothing by him's unseen
i'th' darkest night.
 With one thought of his mind
 he clear does see
 Whatever was design'd
 or ere shall be.

Then he that does behold the total summe,
 He truly may be call'd the brightest Sun.

I now, said I, confounded am
Far more then when that you began.
How can that be? said she: yet I
Conjecture where your doubts do ly.
These things, said I, too much oppose
To be believ'd, That *God* foreknows
All things that are, or ere shall be,
And to believe the Will is *free*.
For if that *God* does all things see,
And by no means deceiv'd can be,
It is a necessary case,
What he foresees must come to pass.
Wherefore if from eternity
Not only deeds, but counsels *be*
And darkest thoughts of men foreknew,
Then a *Free-will* cannot be true.
For there no Act can be alone,
But *Will* also there can be none,
Hid from the divine *Providence*,
In his unerring *prescience*.
For if that things another way
Then was foreseen quite alter may,
Foreknowledge certainly there's none,
But rather an Opinion.
Which to believe of *God* above
Is impious. Nor do I approve
The reason, which some men resolve
This knotty question does dissolve.
They say that *nothing comes to pass*
'Cause it foreseen or foreknown was;

But

But contrary, for that 'twould be,
High Providence did it foresee.
If so, the same necessity
As well is for the contrary.
For 'tis not necessary that
What is foreseen must therefore hap;
But this does necessary seem,
What-ere does hap, it was foreseen.
As if we labour'd for to know
Which of these two the cause should show;
Whether *Foreknowledge* rises from
Necessity of things to come,
Or the *Necessity* does grow
From the *Fore-knowledge*. But I'll show
That howsoe're things order'd be,
Th' *event* of things is necessary,
Though *Providence* don't seem t' inferre
Necessity. For if that there
One sit, and I him sitting view,
That he does sit I do think true:
Again, if that my thought be true,
That he does sit must be true too.
In both then there's necessity,
To sit, and also true to be.
But therefore sure he does not sit,
Because that I so think of it:
But therefore I so think of it,
Because 'tis true that he does sit.
So though the cause of truth proceed
But from one part, yet there is need

Of relative community,
Or we this point shall ne're agree.
We must make the like inference
Of *Future things*, and *Providence*;
Who 'cause things must be, does foresee,
But her foresight don't make them be.
So necessary it does seem
That things to come should be foreseen,
Or else what things *God* does foresee
Should fall out necessarily.
So take't which way soe're you will,
It must needs overthrow *Free-will*.
Besides, is't not preposterous,
That worldly things should be the cause
Of *God's* eternal *Prescience*?
And pray what other is't in sense,
To say, because that things must be,
That therefore *God* does them foresee,
Then for to say, what's come to pass,
Of *Providence* the great cause was?
Besides, if I do know a thing,
I know also it has being:
And if that I know ought shall be,
I know it *necessarily*.
Whence follows that no man can shun
What in *Fore-knowledge* must be done.
Lastly, if any one conceive
A thing to be, that may deceive,
That is no *Knowledge* certainly,
But *Opinion's* uncertainty,

Which

Which from the truth of Knowledge is
Far discrepant. Then truth it is,
That if a thing be for to be,
But yet not of necessity,
It cannot possibly be shown,
That the same thing could be foreknown :
For *Knowledge* is a thing so pure,
It no false mixture will endure ;
So that if ought conceived be
By it, it is of certainty.
For this cause *Knowledge* cannot ly,
Because that of necessity
Whatever it does apprehend
Must be the same unto the end.
How then ? by what means can *God* know
That things uncertain will be so ?
For if he thinks that things will be
Inev'tably, that may not be,
He is deceiv'd : which for to speak
Or think of *God* is wicked, weak.
Again, if so that he foresee
Things as they are, such for to be,
Or not to be, to come to pass,
Or not to come, what skill, alas,
Is this, which does not comprehend
What stable is or sure i'th' end ?
It as ridiculous must be
As was *Tiresias* Prophecy ;
What-e're I say, or sure must be,
Or sure it is it must not be.

In what does Divine *Providence*
Excell the skill of humane sense,
If that, as men, uncertain he
Does judge th' event of things to be ?
But if that nought uncertain can
Be unto him that is certain,
Then the event must certain be
Of whatsoe're he does *foresee*.
Which thing all Liberty expels
From humane actions and counsels ;
If all these without falsity
The *Heav'nly Mind* does surely see,
And them does bind and does constrain
Unto events that are certain.
This granted, what confusion
Must all humane affairs put on ?
In vain Rewards propounded are
To th' good, Pains to the ill, if there
Be no *free motion* of the mind,
But *Necessity* does it bind.
And that will high Injustice seem
Which we most just do now esteem,
The *wicked* for to punish, or
The *good* reward ; since neither's for
Their own delict or probity
Receiv'd, but of necessity.
Vertue or *Vice* there will be none,
But of all things confusion.
And then, (then which there nothing can
Be more blasphemous thought by man)

If *Providence* do all things guide,
And humane Will to it be ty'd,
It follows that our *Vices* must
Be laid on him that is most *just*.
Nor will there any reason sway
Why either we should *hope*, or *pray*.
For what does hope or pray'r avail,
If the determin'd end can't fail?
No conversation there will be
'Twixt Mortals and the Deity.
For if no hope at all remain,
To pray will be esteem'd but vain.
But if by just Humility
We have access to th' Deity,
And by it do of *grace* partake,
Which is the only means can make
Us happy, and by which men can
With *God* have Conversation,
By which they to that light are joyn'd
Inaccessible by mankind,
And do thereby *all good* obtain;
If that, I say, pray'r be made vain
By holding of *Necessity*,
Then by what other means shall we
Stick fast unto, and be made one
With the great Prince of *Union*?
All men it must to ruine bring,
If (as thou didst but lately sing)
They from their fountain sever'd are,
And in the Deity don't share.

*How does Erinny's break the league of things ?
What spirit is't that such contention flings
Between two truths, such mighty warfare brings ?*

*How is't that singly things do clearly stand,
But join'd so dark are, none them understand ?
Or is't, that all truths do goe hand in hand ?*

*No but the Soul, that here is but a guest,
With cloudy members of dull flesh oppress'd,
Cannot attain to know what things are best.*

*Why should she then with zeal burn like to fire ?
Why hidden waies of Truth should she desire,
Whenas she here can nought but doubts acquire ?*

*If she the things that she desires does know,
Why then with scruples does she vex them so ?
Why does she toil so much them to re-know ?*

*If she knows not, why does she, being blind,
Seek them to know ? who ever wish'd to find
He knew not what, or sought to catch the wind ?*

*What if she find them ? yet they being found,
How shall she know their natures for to bound,
When she herself in ignorance is drown'd ?*

*Or for that she first came from God above,
Must all things which here and above do move
No Causes have, but what she does approve ?*

She now with cloudy flesh is mantled o're ;

And

*And though some things of what she knew before
She does retain, her knowledge is but poor.*

*Yet who seeks Truth, he does not doe amiss ;
Though he can't come to know't, yet he gains this,
That he not wholly thereof ign'rant is.*

*Some things he does to memory commit ;
High things he does admire, and high wit
He scans with reason, and retains what's fit.*

This, said she, is an old complaint,
Canvast and scrutin'd by that quaint
Distributor of Divination,
Cicero ; and thy self art one
That much has toil'd in't : but as yet
There's none of you has had the wit
Sufficiently to find it out.
The reason of it is, no doubt,
'Cause blindness of Humanity
Can't see Divine Simplicity,—
Nor comprehend the notions great
Of heav'nly things in her conceit :
To which if that she could attain,
There would no doubt at all remain
But I the same with my best skill
Open to lay endeavour will.
But first I must those doubts remove
Are by thee mov'd, and do thee move.
And first I do demand of thee,
Why thou not reason it to be

Dost think, that nothing comes to pass
'Cause it Foreseen or Foreknown was.
It only seeks for to maintain
Prescience, don't *Free-will* restrain;
Nor it at all the cause to be
Of the *Event*'s necessity.
Dost thou bring any arguments
For the necessity of *Events*,
But 'cause that God does them Foresee
They must be of *Necessity*?
But if *Foreknowledge* does not bring
Necessity upon the thing,
As thou thy self didst late express,
When thou the same thing didst confess,
How is't, of things *voluntary*
That the *Event* must certain be?
I will thee an example show,
Thereby the consequence to know.
Suppose there were no *Prescience*,
Couldst thou, dost think, affirm in sense,
That what proceedeth from the *Will*,
Necessity does it compel?
Why, no. Let's then again suppose
Prescience, and that it does impose
On nothing a *Necessity*.
The *Freedom* of the *Will* will be
As absolute the same alone,
As if *Prescience* there were none.
But thou wilt say, Although there be
By *Prescience* no necessity

Of the *Event*, a *sign* it is
 Things so to happen cannot miss.
 By the same reason, the same thing
 Had hapt had no *Prescience* bin.
 A *Sign* does alwaies something show,
 But does not cause it to be so.
 Wherefore who this does not allow,
 Must first demonstratively show,
 That certainly nothing can be
 But it is from *Necessity*,
 Before that he can make't appear
Foreknowledge does this title bear.
 If there be no *Necessity*,
 Then *Prescience* no *Sign* can be
 Of what is not. Besides proofs must
 Not upon men by *Signs* be thrust,
 But by firm Reasons, proofs well wrought,
 From causes necessary brought.
 But by what means may things not be,
 Which for to be *God* does Foresee?
 'Tis true there is no means, but that
 What *God* Foresees to be must hap.
 For though I don't believe at all
 What *God* Foresees must not befall;
 Yet though it must befall, say I,
 It is not of *necessity*
 From its own nature. This to be
 A truth I'll plainly shew to thee.
 There's many a thing before our eyes,
 While doing, that this truth describes.

As he that drives a Coach or Cart,
Does many things to shew his art.
For should *Necessity* compell,
In vain the Artist should excell.
So other things conclude may we
Not to be of *necessity*.
Which as they've no *necessity*
Of being, before that they be,
So they without *necessity*
Do happen, when they come to be.
It follows then some things be free,
In th' *event*, from *Necessity*.
And yet there's none will say what's done,
Before 'twas done, was not to come.
By this th' *event* of things is shown
For to be *free*, although Foreknown,
For as there's no *necessity*
Of knowing things that present be,
Put as they'r done, or left undone ;
Just so it is of things to come.
But likely 'tis thou dost suppose
There no *Foreknowledge* is of those
Things whose *event*'s not *necessary*,
Because their natures disagree.
For thou may'st think of *Prescience*
Necessity the consequence ;
And if there's no *Necessity*,
Then no *Foreknowledge* can there be ;
For Knowledge nought can comprehend
That is not certain in the end.

And

And if th' *overt* uncertain be,
 And it as certain we foresee,
 'Tis plain that *Knowledge* it is none,
 But dark and cloudy *Opinion*.
 For otherwise a mind to bear
 Of *things*, or *Causes*, then they are,
 Thou think'lt it much averse to be
 To *Knowledge's* integrity.
 The cause of which thy error's this,
 Because thou think'lt that what *known* is,
 By its own force and nature's *known* ;
 But the contrary shall be shown.
 All that is *known*, is not known by
 The force that in it self does ly ;
 But the force lies, as I suppose,
 I'th' faculty of him that *knows*.
 That this a perfect truth must be,
 I'll by example shew to thee.
 Suppose a body *round* to be,
 The Eye this bodie's form does see,
 The Hand it feels ; that it is *round*
 We by two diff'rent waies have found.
 The Eye it viewing with sight clear,
 Unto the Mind its form does bear :
 The Hand, by joyning to the thing,
 And round about it compassing,
 Does so the *roundness* of it find,
 And it conveies unto the Mind.
 So *Sense* a Man does one way see,
Imagination diversly,

Reason a way not like these other,
And *understanding* quite another.
By *Sense* the figure as 'tis plac'd
In the material thing's imbrac'd.
Imagination form does see
Without *Materiality*.
But *Reason* yet does higher fly,
Considers *universally*
The *Species* of ev'ry kind,
In the particulars assign'd.
But *Understanding* yet more high
Does soar, and fixes its bright eye,
While it with knowing beams does pierce
Above the frame o'th' Universe,
And with pure sight o'th' Mind does see
The simple form from all these free.
So 'tis, that the superior
Comprehends the inferior ;
But the inferior in no wise
To the superior can arise.
So that the *Sense* no *Sense* can find,
If it to th' Matter be not joyn'd ;
Imagination cannot see
Of Kind th' *Universality* ;
Neither can *Reason* comprehend
Of simple Forms the utmost end :
But *Understanding*, from an high
Once casting down her knowing eye,
Does straight the simple forms conceive
Of all things that are underneath ;

But she the Forms discerneth so,
As none o'th' rest can them so know.
Reason's Univeriality,
Sense's Materiality,
Imagination's Form, all these
She comprehendeth with much ease ;
Yet *Reason* does and *Sense* refuse,
Nor does *Imagination* use,
But with one stroke o'th' mind does she
See and know all things Formally.
The same thing *Reason*, whenas she
Beholds Univerfality,
Imagination does not use,
And totally does *Sense* refuse,
Yet things Imaginable and
Sensible she does comprehend.
For *Reason* does describe truly
Thus her Univerfality.
A Man's a creature animal,
That's two-footed, and rational. ---
This is a notion known to all
In't self to be universal ;
Yet it *Imagination* does
And *Sense* contain, ev'ry man knows :
Though it no use at all does make
In all the notions it does take
Of *Sense*, or *Imagination*,
But *Rational* conception.
Imagination does the same :
Though she all Forms and Figures frame

I'th' mind, by sense of Touch and Sight,
Yet they laid by, she judges right
Of things, not by any reason
Of *Sense*, but *Imagination*.
Then dost thou not now plainly see,
I'th' knowledge of all things that be,
All their own Power and Faculty
Do use, not their's, they are known by?
Nor is this any injury;
For since all Judgment judg'd must be
The act of him the judgement gave,
'Tis necessary he should have
Full power unto him consign'd,
Not by another be confin'd.

*The ancient Chairs and Schools were fill'd
with old men and obscure,
Who into th' minds of men instill'd
Outward things only, did procure
To th' Mind Idea's that were sure.*

*As when we have in readiness
a paper that is white,
We wont are on it to impress
Letters that do resemble night;
So we the Minds Idea's write.*

*But if the Mind no motions make
that are her proper own,
But does from outward things them take,*

Like

*Like Glasses show but what is shown,
Whence she sees all things would be known;
Whence she all single things beholds,
or them divided knows;
Whence 'tis that she all things enfolds,
What from the highest Heaven flows,
And what on the Earth's surface grows:
With this same knowledge she repleat
with Truth does Falshood gall.
No Knowledge sure can be so great
Which does from outward Objects fall,
As that which comprehends this all.*

*Yet living creatures Passions have,
which do the Mind excite;
Each Object does attention crave,
Both of the Hearing and the Sight:
And this their forms does bring to light.
And thus the Mind to outward things
her knowledge does apply:
Not that the outward Object brings
Unto it any novelty,
For it knew all intrinsicly.*

*And if in Bodies it be so,
Their outward forms by Sense to know,
The outward Object must reflect
Upon the Sense and it affect;
And that we do the Passions find
Precede the Actions of the Mind,*

And

And do provoke the Soul to stirre
Those inward *forms* ly hid in her ;
If that these bodies right to know,
The Mind to *Passions* this does ow,
Although she *Passions* do at length
Subdue by her own force and strength ;
How much more do those things that be
From Corporal Affections free,
The outward Objects not attend,
But to the Mind their powers bend ?
Wherefore there is of *Knowledges*
Like diff'rence as of *Substances*.

Some creatures motionless, have *Sense*,
But they want all other science ;
As Shel-fish, which to rocks stick fast,
And thence do nourishment exhaust.
The Beasts and Birds that use motion,
Have *Sense* and *Imagination*,
By which they fit things covet do,
And seek all dangers to eschew.

Reason does only Man define,
And *Understanding* is divine.
So that same Knowledge excels sure
Which excells of its own nature,
And does not only its own show,
But does all others Objects know.

If *Sense* and *Imagination*
Then should rise up against *Reason*,
And this same their contest should be,
There's no *Universality*,

As *Reason* thinks she does behold,
And thus their argument should hold ;
Whatever thing is *Sensible*,
Or that is *Imaginable* ,
That *Universal* cannot be :
If *Reason*'s judgment true then be,
Then nothing can be *Sensible*,
No nor yet *Imaginable* ;
For many things to her are known
Subject to *Imagination*
And *Sense* ; then vain is the conceit
Of *Reason*, which does Objects treat
That in their natures Single be
With her *Universality*.
Thus *Reason*'s answer would be free,
That in *Universality*
She does behold what's *Sensible*,
And what is *Imaginable*,
But their weak Knowledge cannot fly
Up to *Universality* ;
'Cause they no Knowledge have at all
'Bove Figures and Forms Corporeal.
Then certainly we must affirm,
That Knowledge for to be most firm,
As also to be most perfect,
Which knows both *Form* and the *Effect*.
In this contention, surely we,
Indu'd with *Reason*'s faculty,
That have *Imagination*
And *Sense* also to work upon,

Cannot

Cannot in reason but attest,
That *Reason's* cause is much the best.
Just so it is, when *Reason* does
Think that *God's Understanding* knows
Things yet to come no otherwise
Then she does think she them descries :
For thus thou say'st, If th' *event* be
Not certain and necessary,
Then a *Foreknowledge* of the same
Also can no way be certain.
Hence, of these things thou dost alledge
That there can be no *Foreknowledge* ;
And if there be, nought certainly
Can hap, but of *necessity*.
If as we have of *Reason* part,
God Judgment would *divine* impart,
As we already did conclude
All *Sense* and *Thought* for to be rude,
'Cause they to *Reason* would not yield,
So *Reason* must submit the field
To th' *Understanding Divine Mind*.
Then granting that our *Reason's* blind,
Let us unto that height aspire,
Where *Reason*, when she has got higher,
Will see those things, and plainly too,
Which in her self she could not do,
Which is, that those things which have no
Certain *event*, *God* does *Foreknow* ;
And that *Opinion* this is none,
But rather highest notion,

Bound up in that Simplicity
That by nothing can bounded be.

On earth what sev'ral kinds
of creatures are !
Poison the Serpent lines,
yet he is fair :
His skin no soil will take,
though he does creep,
Yet he does furrows make,
and dust does sweep.
Birds use their wings to fly
upon the wind,
And in the air full high
a passage find.
Beasts going on the ground,
their steps appear,
By which in Woods oft found,
they hunted are.
All sev'ral form'd you see
in Nature's book ;
• Yet all in this agree,
on Earth they look
Man only does erect
his stately crown,
To th' Earth gives no respect,
nor eye throws down.
If Earth don't thee inchant,
thy Form does teach,

For

*For all things thou canst want
to Heav'n to reach.*

*But if thou Earth do love, and to it trust,
Thy Body will above thy Soul be thrust.*

Then as to thee before was shown,
Whate're is known, it is not known
By its own nature, but by his
By whom it comprehended is.
Let's now the Divine substance see
With care and with sobriety ;
That seeing it, we may also
Know what it is that he does know.
First then, *God* is confest by all
That Reason have, to b' *eternal*.
The thing that must consider'd be
Is, what is this *Eternity*.
For this will unto us declare
What's knowledge and what's nature are;
Eternitie's full possession
Of life, without conclusion.
This unto us will plain appear
If temp'ral things we do compare.
All things that live do proceed from
Times past, go on to time to come ;
And there's no one that can embrace
At one instant all the whole space
Of his whole Life, knows not next day,
Nor is what he was yesterday.

Nor

Nor in this very present day
 Does he of's Life more time enjoy,
 Then one moment transitory,
 In which to Move, or Speak, or Die.
 Then none of time can be more free
 Then Time can make himself to be.
 Though that (as *Aristotle* said
 O' th' World) *it no Beginning had,*
No End shall have, if Life, I say,
 With Time enduer should for aye,
 It could not rightly be a thing
 That might be call'd *Everlasting*.
 For though that Life were infinite,
 It could not at one time unite
 All its' whole course, being barr'd from
 All the whole time that is to come.
 Then that same which does comprehend
 All that whole Life which has no end,
 All that is past knows certainly,
 All that's to come does plainly see,
 That same must the *Eternal* be.
 And this is of *necessity*;
 For that he in himself alone
 Has all perfect possession,
 Makes all things present him assist,
 And also carries in his fist
 The all and whole *infinity*
 Of Time, that has mobility.
 But very largely they mistake,
 Who from *Plato's* opinion, take

This frame to be coeternal
With him that framed this same All,
Because that *Plato* this has penn'd,
It nor Beginning had, nor End:
And they do think to prove by this,
The World (as *God*) Eternal is.
For it is one thing for to have
Life without end, which *Plato* gave
To th' World, and it is another
(As 'tis easie for to gather)
At one instant for to embrace
The whole and ev'ry part o'th' space
Of this same Life, the which is plain
Only in *God* for to remain.
Nor yet does the Creator seem
Then Creatures older to have been
By time's stretch'd measur'd Quantity,
But by's nature's Simplicity.
The world does strive to imitate
God's present motionless estate;
And since he cannot equal it,
By motion he does vie with it,
And stead of *God's* Simplicity,
He, by infinite quantity
Of time that's past and time to come,
Does with him for the garland run.
And since at once he can't embrace
The whole and ev'ry part o'th' space
Of his whole Life, by being still,
He seems in part to have his will,

Binding himself to each moment,
That so he may be permanent ;
And unto all it question, can
This answer truly make, *I am*.
More words to speak he cannot stay,
But to make't good he takes his way
Of everlasting journeying,
His Being so continuing ;
So going on, all that long space
(He can't at once) he does embrace.
Wherefore if that of *Plato* we
Will followers exactly be,
We must high *God Eternal* call,
And th' *Universe Perpetual*.
Since then by nature it is so,
That ev'ry judgment *that* does know
Which under it is plac'd, and that
God still enjoys a present state,
And that his Knowledge does surmount
All that can be in *Time's* account,
And that he ever does remain,
And in *Simplicity* does reign,
And does the spaces infinite
Of *past* and what's *to come* unite,
And that they all unto him are
As if they now *at present* were ;
If thus thou wilt *God's Prescience*
Consider with an upright sense,
Thou certainly wilt find, that he
Does rather all things *present* see ;

Then that he does at distance roam
At any thing that is *to come*.
And for this cause, not *Providence*
It called is, but *Providence*;
Because he from his high *Aspect*
Has all the world in his *Prospect*.
But why dost thou require should be
Of those things a *necessity*
Which the *Divine mind* does *foreknow*,
And yet of *Men* thou dost not so?
If thou a thing do present see,
Does thy sight make't *Necessity*?
Why no. Then if so be we dare
Low things with High for to compare,
As thou dost things at present see,
So *God* does with's eternal eye.
Nor does this *Foreknowledge* alter
Or the property, or nature;
Yet he in *present* does them see,
As they in *time to come* will be,
And with one glance of's mind does know
What things must *necessary* flow,
Also what things besides must be
That are not of *necessity*.
As when at once you with your eyes
See a *Man* walk, and the *Sun* rise;
Though at one glance you do descry
Them both, yet you know certainly,
That one is of *necessity*,
The other's but *voluntary*.

So *God* beholding from above
Things that unto their end do move,
Does not alter their *quality*,
Or make them of *necessity*;
Yet he does them all *Present* see,
As they in *Future* are to be.
So that *Opinion* this is none,
But rather highest *notion*
'Stablish'd in *truth*, when he does see
That such a thing shall *certain* be,
And yet withall he it does know
Not from *necessity* to flow.
If unto this thou do reply,
What *God* sees of *necessity*
Must come to pass, and me wilt ty
Unto this word *Necessity*;
I will confess it is most true,
But such a truth as none can view
Not well skill'd in *Divinity*.
For that may be *necessary*,
If so that it referred be
Unto the *high Divinity*,
Which in its proper nature weigh'd
May *free* and *absolute* be said.
There's a twofold *Necessity*:
One Simple, that *All men must die*;
The other is Conditional,
And may, or it may not befall;
As if thou see a man to goe,
That he does goe must needs be so.

Then it is of *necessity* ;
For what thou know'st, that needs must be.
But the Condition does not draw
Simply with it that *needful* law ;
It does not from the Nature grow,
But the Condition makes it so.
Necessity did not compell
Him tor to goe, or to stand still ;
But if he goe, it then must be
That he goes of *necessity*.
Just so, if *Providence* do see
Ought *Present*, 'tis *necessary*,
Although that in'ts own property
There is not a *necessity*.
But *God* at present does see all
That by *free-will* shall e're befall.
And this, if we do *God* respect,
Is *necessary* in th' effect,
By that condition which alone
Is ty'd to the Divine notion.
But if that it consider'd be
In its own Nature, it is free.
Without all doubt those things shall be
Which Divine *Providence* does see :
And yet of them there are some still
Proceed, not forc'd, but from *free-will*,
Which do not lose their nature, though
By *being* they must needs be so ;
Because it might have been so, that
Their *being* never might have hap't.

But

But what makes matter though they be
In no manner *necessary*,
If by that same condition
Which is placed in *God* alone
They do so happen for to be
As if they were *necessary*?
Just as I said awhile agoe,
The *Sun* does rise, a *Man* does goe :
Which while they doe so, it can't be
But their so doing must *needs* be :
But yet before these came to pass,
One of them *necessary* was,
The other not. So ev'ry thing
God present sees, time forth shall bring ;
But some from th' *agent's* power shall be,
And others from *necessity*.
Then rightly we do hence declare,
If things to *God* referred are,
Then they are of *necessity* ;
But if that by themselves they be
Consider'd, they are wholly free
From the bond of *necessity*.
Just as it is of ev'ry thing
That only have of *Sense* being,
If you to *Reason* them referre,
Then they all *Universal* are ;
If by themselves you them consider,
They then all *singular* appear.

But thou wilt say, If so it be
That I to change my *will* am free,
Will't frustrate *Providence*, if so
I change from what she did *foreknow* ?
I answer, Thou indeed art free
In thy own *mutability* ;
But whether thou do change or no,
Or whatsoe're 'tis thou dost doe,
Providence (that continually
Is present) still the truth does see,
And thou her *Prescience* canst not shun,
No more then th' eye that sees things done,
When freely thou thy self dost change
To actions that are new and strange.
But then thou'lt say, Shall I suppose
That I *God's* knowledge can dispose ?
And if I this, now that will doe,
Will *God* his Knowledge vary so ?
No ; for *God's Foresight* does prevent
All *future* things, makes them present.
Nor, as thou think'st, at all does he
Now one thing, now another see ;
But with one present look does see,
And know thy *mutability*.
Which things *God* does not comprehend
Because such things shall have such end ,
But this divine *Simplicity*
Is proper to the *Deity*.

By which also that doubt's made clear,
Which thou didst lately seem to fear,
That it is an unworthy thing
That we should *God's Foreknowledge* bring
On humane actions to depend :
Since that its force does comprehend
At present all that is *future*,
And to each thing appoints measure ;
But he receives nothing at all
From whatsoever happen shall.
Since then that all these things are plain,
Free-will to mortals does remain ;
Nor are those Laws unjust which do
Propound *Rewards* and *Pains* unto
All the free actions of the mind,
Nor to *necessity* them bind.
Th' all-knowing *God* too still is free,
Who from above does all things see ;
And the present eternity
Of this his sight does still agree -
With all the qualities that shall
In all our future actions fall,
Giving *Rewards* and *Punishments*
To good and unto bad intents.
Nor are your *hopes* or *pray'rs* in vain ;
If unto *God* you do not feign :
If they're faithful and cordial,
They'l not be ineffectual.

Forfake then *Vice*, and *Vertue* prize,
And let your *hopes* to th' height arise,
Your humble *pray'rs* to *God* direct,
They will produce a bless'd effect,
If from dissimulation free.
And is't not of necessity
That you in all things should doe well,
Since in your Judge's eye you dwell?

THE END.



